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m Bethell on **Reagan's**
pendthrift Congress
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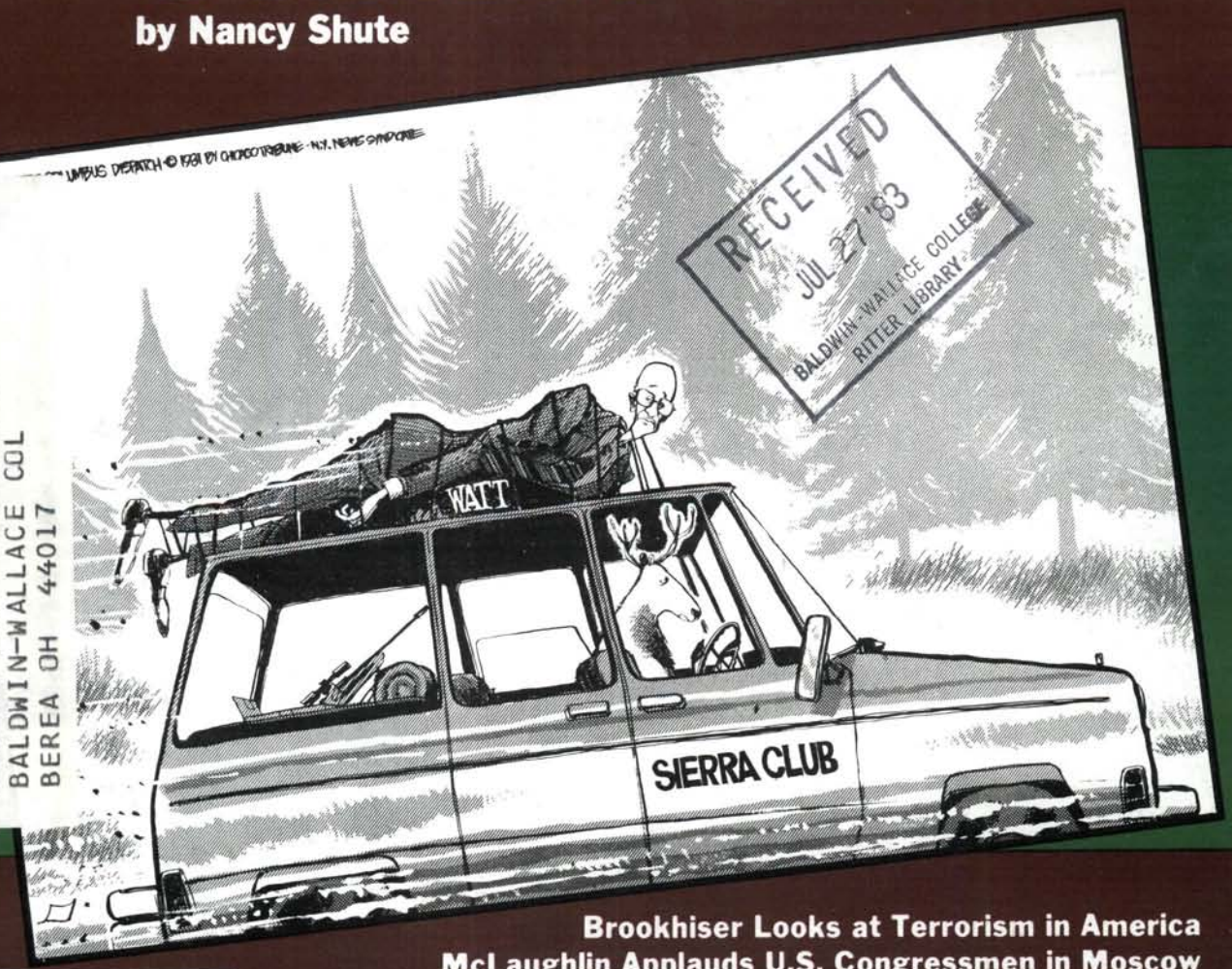
NATIONAL REVIEW

The Greening of James Watt

by Nancy Shute



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Brookhiser Looks at Terrorism in America
McLaughlin Applauds U.S. Congressmen in Moscow
Plus John P. Roche, J. O. Tate, Ralph de Toledano, Brian Crozier

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AUGUST 5, 1983
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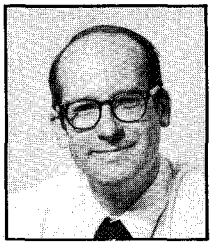

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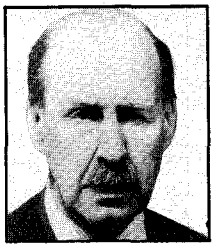

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The Cover

924 The Greening of James Watt

They are the lobbyists who came in from the woods—the organizations of fishermen, bird-watchers, nature lovers, and conservationists, now represented (or misrepresented) in Washington, D.C., by high-powered political hard-ballers. These lobbyists know that Americans overwhelmingly want a clean and protected environment; they have mastered the techniques of Washington infighting. America's desire and their skills don't always mesh.

Nancy Shute

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A group of congressmen carries the President's message to Moscow: Face Reagan now, or the Pershing II soon. *John McLaughlin*

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In all the uproar over red ink, the truly important figures have been ignored. A look at them reveals why. *Tom Bethell*

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NATO would show more spunk if the new conservative West German government weren't saddled with the foreign policy of its Socialist predecessors. *Brian Crozier*

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For the last ten years, federal education policy has been conceded to liberal congressmen, bureaucrats, and pressure groups. (No wonder it's a mess.) A veteran of the education wars outlines a strategy for conservatives. *Lawrence A. Uzzell*

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A nation's leader confronts its rulers—in Warsaw, and in Moscow. *Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn*

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Letters

Comment on Cooperation

At first, on reading Mr. Solzhenitsyn's speech ["Men Have Forgotten God," July 22], I was impressed by its originality. Only later did I realize that he was stating a truth we all ought to know, one that is almost self-evident. Of course corruption comes when men forget God; if there is nothing beyond this life then there is nothing worth suffering or dying for. Mr. Solzhenitsyn's remarks show courage in reminding us of a principle that, in the modern world, it is not fashionable to recall, and that we too easily forget.

I would like, however, to comment on the reference to unity of religion and the World Council of Churches. Christians must indeed strive to unite against the common menace. It is not, however, surprising that those who cooperate most easily across denominational lines also cooperate comfortably with socialists. The same principles and dogmas that move us to stand against atheistic attackers also divide us from one another. We must struggle to work around this difficulty, but it will never disappear.

George Warren
New York, N.Y.

Happy Sailing

John McLaughlin politely suggests that the New Right is "adrift" ["From Washington Straight," June 24]. In a way he is right—especially if you view it as a lifeboat adrift in the political North Sea, having left the party-like atmosphere of the bipartisan *Titanic* heading for disaster. The icebergs of big bank bailouts, Social Security tax hikes, and gigantic deficits are waiting in the dark to sink those who "stayed the course" of pragmatism. The ideological Right intends to put significant distance between itself and this reckless disregard for the present and future victims of these bailouts.

McLaughlin chuckles with delight at the slick maneuvers of the Reagan Republican team, successfully defusing the critics with patriotic and rhetorical swings to the right, and the successful enticement of Lewis Lehrman into the camp of compromise. But what McLaughlin fails fully to acknowledge is that the New Right's major objection is not the President's predictable swings to the right whenever his ideological constituency threatens to jump ship, but that he *swings*, period. In short, Reagan is an untrustworthy steward at the helm of principles.

The New Right is about to construct and toss out a comprehensive set of anchors of principle. You can be assured that we won't make the mistake of giving the flag of the conservative movement to any leader who isn't chained to those principles. Enjoy the party.

Joel M. Skousen
Executive Editor
Conservative Digest
Falls Church, Va.

A Ray of Hope?

As a postscript to Douglass C. North's brilliant essay, "Private Property and the American Way" [July 8], I offer a comforting reminder.

I refer to the view propounded by John Naisbitt in his new book, *Megatrends*, which lists ten transformations that he detects going on in society right now—not only in the United States, but globally. One of these is the shift from centralization to decentralization—the exact opposite of the assertion in Mr. North's final three sentences. Naisbitt believes that decentralization is the inevitable outcome of an "informational" society, which we have become, and that centralization was only a temporary phenomenon, essential to a highly industrialized society; and that all the bureaucrats in Washington, and all the malevolent conspiracies in every dark cellar of the world, are powerless to halt these "megatrends," fueled largely by the output of computers.

Alvin Toffler has expounded the same view in his book *The Third Wave*. Although in many respects Naisbitt and Toffler are not conservatives, they are not doctrinaire liberals either. They offer views that are at least intelligently considered.

David Lutzweiler
Beachwood, N.J.

Stated Hopefully

How sad to read Mitchell Ross's review of my book, *On Literacy* [June 24]. Mr. Ross wants to enforce the correct use of "hopefully" because it lends "a high tone to common discourse, and this seems to me personally enriching." At least he is candid. Correct usage is for him—as I point out in my book it is for all of his ilk—a code language for a secret society of the pure, a linguistic Masonic handshake that distinguishes the nice from the not nice.

And who are the nice? Here again Mr. Ross surpasses himself in honesty. They are those, he says, who agree with Evelyn Waugh's Scott-King that "it would be very wicked indeed to do anything to fit a boy for the modern world." I would think much less of your readers than Mr. Ross if I imagined they equate decency and linguistic purity with total rejection of the

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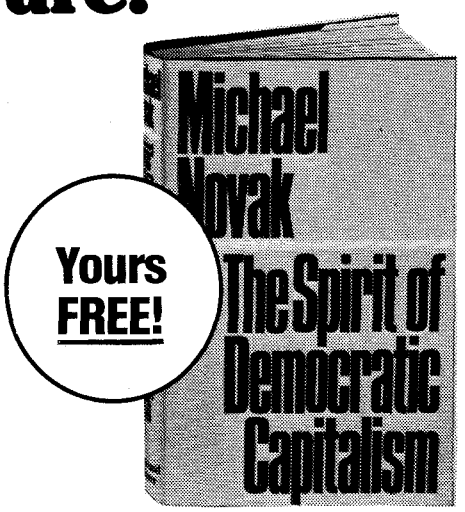

***From Samuel McCracken's extraordinary review in* Commentary:**

It is not so easy to exculpate those who still hold to the superstitions of socialism. Whatever can be said of the status of Marxist theory, the failure — utter, consistent, and continuing — of Marxist practice is apparent to anyone with eyes to see....It has not been clear why socialism should be so esteemed despite its failure and — the inevitable corollary — capitalism so despised despite its success; most observers who have found the situation troubling enough to warrant attention have confined themselves to vague speculations about the contrariness of intellectuals. Now, Michael Novak has made some progress in clearing this matter up for us, but this is only a fringe benefit of his remarkable book. For *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism* is perhaps the first serious attempt to construct a theology of capitalism. That this very phrase rings a little strange in the ears even of sympathetic hearers testifies to the compromised reputation of democratic capitalism even among many of its friends....

Novak rehabilitates the moral stature of democratic capitalism by showing how little it resembles the caricatures of it which pass almost everywhere as analytic descriptions....Latin America did not develop largely because it did not adopt an economic system that allowed development. Moreover, the Catholic Church was originally hostile to capitalism because of conservative objections to liberalism: what the 19th-century Church attacked as "*liberalismo*" always proves upon analysis to be democratic capitalism. Ironically, the liberation theologians, opposed to the traditional hierarchy in everything else, agree with it in despising capitalism and seeing it as the author of much woe for Latin America.

And so the Church, by opposing capitalism, appears to Novak as a major cause of poverty in Latin America. This is not an isolated instance for Novak: following a seminal study by H.R. Trevor-Roper, he traces the comparative affluence of Catholic and Protestant Europe, nearly always to the embarrassment of the former. Novak's own Church, then, becomes one of the causes of poverty in large parts of the world....This is, of course, a remarkable argument to be made by a leading Catholic intellectual, particularly one who is not only a theologian but a theologian far from the fashionable fringes of theological innovation — one who, for example, seems wholly comfortable talking about God as if He undoubtedly exists and as if the universe makes the most sense if one assumes that He not only created it but takes a continuing interest in it.

...Novak rejects democratic socialism as firmly as he does the totalitarian variant, even though until comparatively recently he was himself a democratic socialist. His account of his own movement from Christian socialism to democratic capitalism is insightful and astringent. As a budding Catholic intellectual, he tells us, he read heavily in those European writers who saw capitalism as "protestant": anarchic, individualistic, rejecting of tradition. He once found this position persuasive, but now believes it to have been a misguided nostalgia for village values considered in those days one of the good things about the Middle Ages. He continued to believe in socialism, as do a great many intellectuals, religious or irreligious, because its ostensible ethical system seemed so superior to that of capitalism. It took some time more for him to conclude that "the dream of democratic socialism is inferior to the dream of democratic capitalism, and that the latter's superiority in actual practice is undeniable."

This statement might well serve as the epigraph of the book....Each of the parts of the statement is important: it is not unusual for men to believe that capitalism in practice is superior to socialism in practice, a conclusion which leaves room for the perennial and damaging belief that if only socialism were done right it would bring on the millennium. But Novak maintains — with a richness of analysis that challenges the reviewer — that socialism is also inferior to capitalism in theory....Novak's most important achievement is to spell this superiority out in detail, especially in the ethical area which most intellectuals have long conceded to socialism....

One need not share Novak's religious perspective on capitalism to find this book a stunning achievement, but those who have hitherto preferred socialism on religious, or indeed on purely ethical, grounds must now face an argument of immense weight — and one produced by a former fellow believer. If enough of them read it, *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism* may prove one of those rare books that actually changes the way things are.

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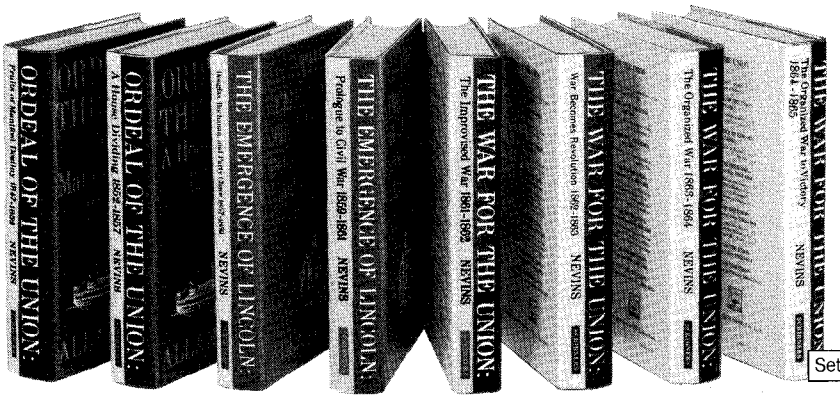
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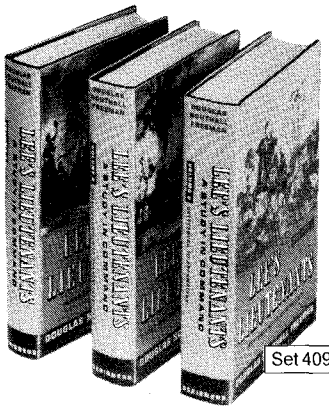

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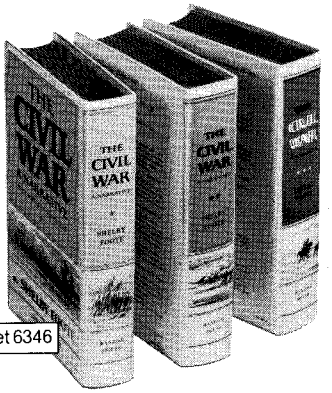

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modern world. Fortunately, I do not share Mr. Ross's low opinion of the conservative spirit and intellect. In fact, I would claim my book as a conservative manifesto on literacy and would implore like-minded readers to look there, where they will discover what Mr. Ross does not tell them, that I advocate the most rigorous education in standard English, that I propose a return to the study of derelict languages such as Latin and Greek, and that I abominate the ascendancy in our day of cant and jargon, a woeful development I lay at the door of misguided purists such as John Simon, Edwin Newman, and Mr. Ross. "For the social climber," I write in my book, "the model of proper usage is bombast produced according to intricate rules understood only by the initiate. Under the leadership of Simon and company"—and now Mr. Ross joins this sad company—"correct usage bears the same relationship to eighteenth-century English that Baptist snake-handling cults bear to early Christianity."

Let your readers hopefully turn away from Mr. Ross's gloomy linguistic paralysis and face the future with conservative vigor. That is, let them hopefully read my book.

Robert Pattison
Southampton, N.Y.

Further Freedom

The sequence of Ernest van den Haag's "Should We Bring Home the Troops?" and Richard Brookhiser's "What Do Europeans Want?" [June 24] is very striking, especially to this free-trader. I'd go a few steps further than Mr. van den Haag: not only bring home the troops; also quit forcing American taxpayers to finance foreign governments, the International Monetary Fund, and the UN. The best help we can give is to institute free trade. No tariffs. No quotas. No market agreements. No loan guarantees.

Our present policies and practices are actually fulfilling the Communist expectation that we will bury ourselves. Wouldn't it be better to let the USSR collapse from the burden of trying to dominate the world?

Sam Venturella
Chicago, Ill.

Messrs. van den Haag and Brookhiser confirmed what I've felt for some time, that NATO's usefulness is over. If Mr. Reagan were to announce that we won't renew the NATO treaty when it expires and that American troops will be withdrawn from Europe over a fairly extended period, it would be up to the remaining NATO members and France to organize their collective defense, or to stay asleep and succumb to Soviet annexation (not even conquest) if that's what they choose. The political question for the Europeans would stop being whether to allow America to defend them and would become whether to take measures for their own defense. Originally, NATO meant collective security; but then the Soviets developed ICBMs and, as de Gaulle pointed out, it wasn't certain that the man in the White House would sacrifice his nation for Europe. That he would is as likely without NATO as with it, and this doubt, this risk for the Kremlin, is all we can do for Europe.

Robert Powell
El Paso, Tex.

Mistaken

The review of the film *Through Joy and Beyond* by H. N. Kelley [July 8] contains —in the midst of what seems a perfectly sound review—an unacceptable error in a reference to my friend Father Walter Hooper. I am sure Father Hooper would be appalled at the statement that he "of course knows Lewis as no one else possibly could. He was his secretary, lived with him, attended the famous Inkling meetings with him . . ."

Father Hooper was indeed chosen by Lewis as his secretary and did indeed live with him part of the last year of his life. But he would certainly not want to claim that he knows more of Lewis than, for example, Lewis's old friend (and other executor) Owen Barfield, nor, of course, did the Inklings continue into Father Hooper's days with Lewis. This may seem a small point, but Father Hooper's services to Lewis and to Lewis's memory gain no credit from this sort of overstatement.

Jared Lobdell
New Concord, Ohio

It is both unfair and inaccurate to suggest that the entire body of Episcopal clergy "followed such as Pike and Altizer into agnostic and leftward thickets." A survey of this history will reveal that such was not the case for scores of priests and bishops. The implications of this statement are also unfair to Bishop Pike himself.

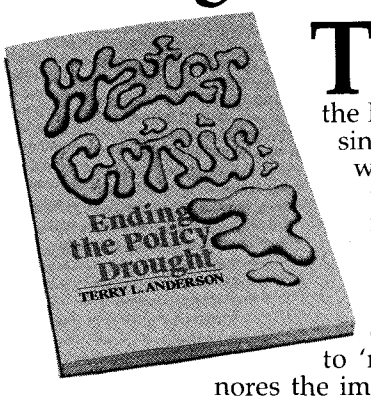
William M. Shand III
Prince Frederick, Md.

Capitalist Tool

In the June 10 issue ["The Week"], the Third World debtor nations were referred to as "mainly socialistic, corrupt, or both." This may be true in terms of number of states in trouble, but it is also misleading. Of the 12 largest debtors (totaling $363.4 billion), six are staunchly anti-Communist "right-wing" governments: Brazil, Argentina, South Korea, Chile, Philippines, and Thailand. These six account for $275 billion of the total debt.

You correctly mentioned that strategy

WATER CRISIS:
Ending the Policy Drought



The *Wall Street Journal* calls it "the issue of the '80s." *Newsweek* warns of "the browning of America." From the Peripheral Canal in California to the sinkholes in Florida, the approaching water crisis is increasingly on the nation's mind. Terry Anderson, a natural resource economist at Montana State University, offers a unique, free-market perspective on the issue that could be bigger than the energy crisis. "A refreshing contrast to 'market failure' analysis which ignores the importance of property rights institutions to the development of effective markets," writes Vernon Smith of the University of Arizona. *$7.95. 121 pp.*

"Must reading on the water crisis."

—Richard L. Stroup
Department of the Interior

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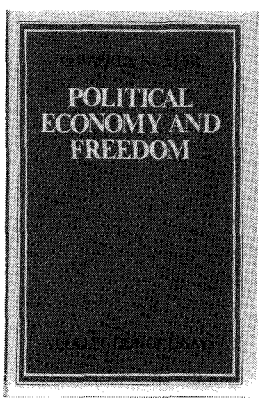

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should guide solutions to international economic problems. The enormous financial power of the U.S., a result of our capitalistic system, is a strategic asset and should be used as such. The six anti-Communist states listed above should be helped through their current cash crisis. Other major debtors, such as Venezuela, Egypt, and Indonesia, also deserve consideration on strategic grounds. Certainly the clustering of so many debtors in Latin America is serious given the constant threats from the left in that region. Defending Central America is hard enough without chaos befalling South America. Mexico, although its domestic policies hardly deserve a "bailout," takes on a special importance because it is on our border.

Of the top dozen debtors, only one (Poland) is a Communist state. Other, smaller, Soviet satellites are in trouble as well. These states should be declared in default and future credit cut off. There is no need for the West to finance the Soviet empire, even though the Europeans will wish to do so. Those who trade with the East should take their losses.

Too much of the talk among conservatives has been on bailing out "the banks," which is the wrong focus. It is also an error to lump all debtors into one bunch, to save or sink as a group. We should, through the banks and the International Monetary Fund, aid our friends as a matter of foreign policy. Finance is a tool the Soviets cannot match.

William R. Hawkins
Radford, Va.

No Fun

Your reviewer's overcritical column on *Return of the Jedi* ["Never Say Jedi," June 24] reinforces the image of pseudo-aristocratic arrogance that pervades many of your cultural pieces. John Simon's put-down of the special effects is especially irritating. I would like to know when he has seen better.

Indeed, his attempt to discredit even that obviously excellent part of the movie demonstrates his puritanical prejudice against fun.

Glenn Kaplan
Yorktown Heights, N.Y.

Small Request

Please abandon the term "reverse discrimination" ["The Week," June 24]. Because it seems to mean the opposite of discrimination, it is a poor name for a *type* of discrimination. Because prescinding types of discrimination is unnecessary, it is unnecessarily wordy. Because it implies that discrimination by white people and discrimination against them are so different as to need different names, its use is a needless concession to those who practice the latter. "Discrimination" is sufficient.

Wynne C. Dough
Kitty Hawk, N.C.

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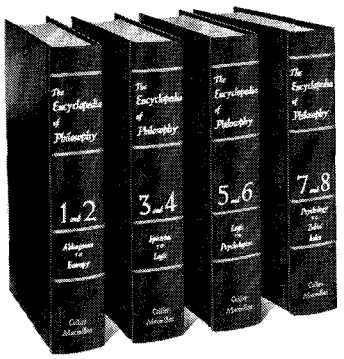

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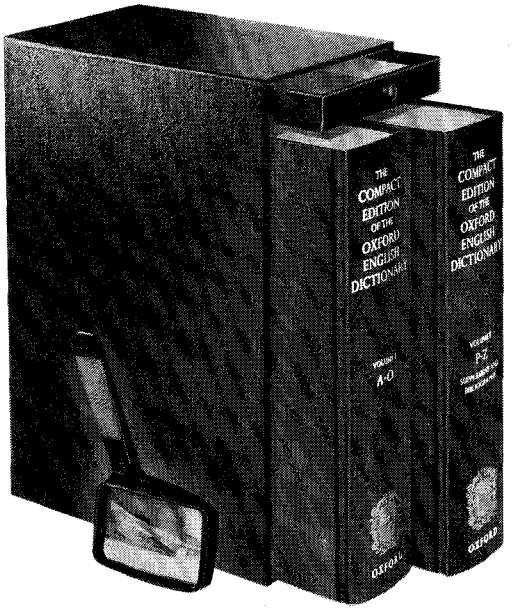

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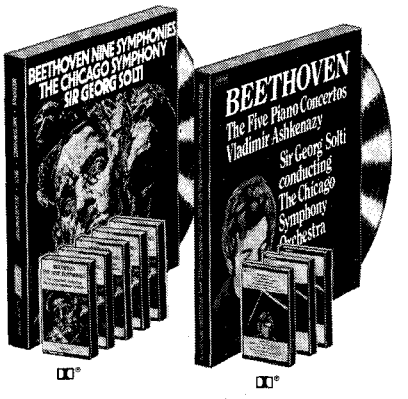
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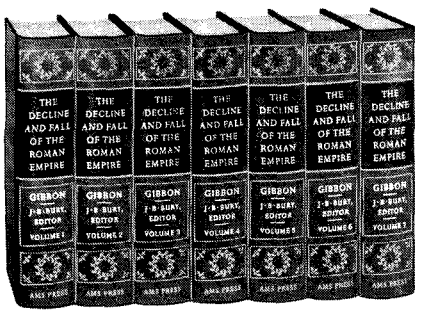

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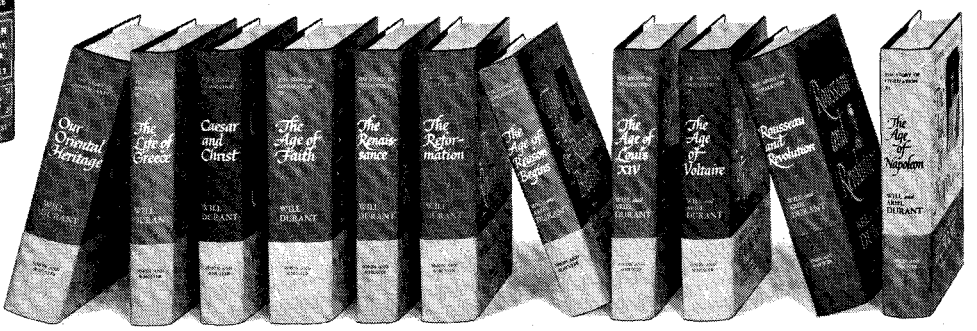

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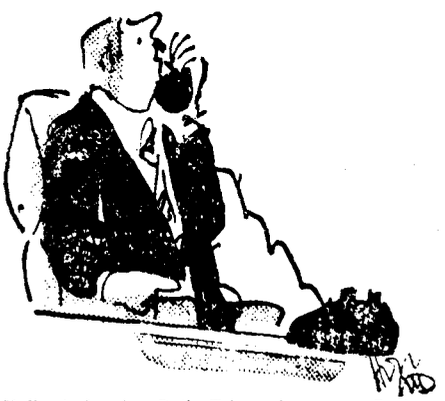
FOR THE RECORD

■ You'd think everything was coming up roses for **Walter Mondale**, wouldn't you? A UPI survey says he's the favorite of Democrats in the U.S. Congress by margin of 5 to 1 over rest of the field; indeed Mondale got more votes of confidence (81) than the other candidates combined. . . . ABC and CBS polls of Democratic national committeemen in Detroit give Mondale 2 to 1 lead over **John Glenn**, although half those questioned hadn't yet picked their man. . . . *Christian Science Monitor* poll at NAACP conference in New Orleans found 71 per cent in favor of Mondale, although 43 per cent said they'd vote for black candidate in a Democratic primary. . . . Federal Election Commission reports Mondale has raised $5.1 million to date, nearly twice what Glenn has raised ($2.6 million). . . . So where's the canker? Mondale's major problem, say columnists **Evans & Novak**, is "that he must convince party wheelhorses that he is not **Bob Taft** and that Glenn is not **Dwight Eisenhower**." (Eisenhower, the non-political soldier hero, beat out Taft, the organization politician, for GOP nomination in 1952.) E&N point out that Mondale "pulled out all the stops in appealing to special-interest groups [in Detroit] . . . while Glenn made a more patriotic pitch" that included voting for the resumption of "nerve-gas appropriations, highly unpopular with ideologized Democrats." . . . *Washington Post* columnist **Haynes Johnson** spent week in New Hampshire where he found that lots of people like Mondale but they figure him a loser (the **Jimmy Carter** connection) and see John Glenn as a patriot. "He's the hero, and hometown boy, and, like Ike, that's that." . . . Incidentally, in straw vote at N.H. Democratic picnic recently it was (grab your hats) **Reubin Askew** 1,066, to 34 for Glenn, and 14 for Mondale—after Askew troops spent $2,000 on tickets ($3 each), which they handed out.



Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"Lines to Moscow are engaged. Please try again in 1984."

■ Pattern breaker: White House pollster **Richard Wirthlin** points out that whereas every President since Eisenhower has lost seven to ten points in popularity in spring of third year, Reagan has gained seven to ten points (depending on which poll you read). . . . Seventy-one per cent of economists and financial analysts polled by **Robert Eggert**'s *Blue Chip Financial Forecast* would like to see Reagan run again. Their second choice is **George Bush**. . . . Reagan's appointment of **Henry Kissinger** to head Central American commission running into heavy flak from **Richard Viguerie** of New Right (see also Cato): "It would be difficult to find a spokesman less trusted by conservatives and liberals alike." . . . Sen. **Christopher Dodd** also opposes Kissinger as "a symbol of a foreign policy we would rather forget than repeat."

■ According to *U.S. News*, Democratic Party leaders figure the easiest GOP senators to defeat next year will be: **Helms** (N.C.), **Jepsen** (Iowa), **Humphrey** (N.H.), **Tower** (Tex.), **Percy** (Ill.); they also hope to pick up seat **Howard Baker** is vacating (Tenn.). The Democrats need to take five Republican seats to win control of the Senate. . . . Recent *Charlotte Observer* poll shows Jesse Helms trailing Gov. **James Hunt** 31 to 50. . . . An Illinois poll has Percy narrowly (44 to 36) ahead of probable Democratic opponent, Rep. **Paul Simon**, but Percy also faces challenge in primary from Rep. **Thomas Corcoran**. Corcoran claims Percy has voted more often in support of Democratic Presidents (66 per cent) than of Republicans (60 per cent).

■ For first time in years Captive Nations Week got big play in Washington, with George Bush delivering keynote address at banquet. . . . The Southern Conference of the United Church of Christ, one of the more liberal Protestant denominations, has become possibly the first large Protestant church group to denounce Soviet invasion of Afghanistan as "an inmoral war of conquest." . . . Rep. **Barber Conable** (R., N.Y.) has won this year's **James Jackson Kilpatrick** award as one of the country's "most effective conservative voices." . . . And it's enrollment time (deadline Aug. 31) for fall session of National Journalism Institute (401 C St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20002). The 12-week program includes six weeks of in-house researching and writing, six weeks of job training with a magazine, newspaper, etc. Pays $100 a week.

■ **Fidel Castro** as **Santa**: The Cuban Department of Interior Commerce announces parents can buy children three toys a year, at any time, instead of only for Children's Day, July 26.

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THE WEEK

■ Mark Twain was right but he didn't go the distance. No man's life, property, or minor children are safe while Congress is in session.

■ Why the fuss and feathers? All the Honorable Gentlemen did was treat the pages as if they were taxpayers.

■ You'll note that the freely contracted arrangement between consenting adults was so innocent that the names of the youngsters are being withheld. An equal concern for the repute of Congress would be welcome.

■ Joe Califano says—and you have to quote him *exact*—"I have found no evidence of widespread improper or illegal sexual conduct by members, officers, or employees of the House involving congressional pages." On the one hand there are 71 pages, you see, and on the other hand some ten thousand "members, officers, or employees of the House." So that "widespread" sex "involving . . . pages" would require round-the-clock service by the latter. And we all know that growing children need their sleep.

■ Circe had nothing on the National Women's Political Caucus in San Antonio, which transformed five apparently normal men into instant swine. Glenn groveled after committing the horrendous gaffe of using the phrase "man and wife" (see below). Hollings promised to appoint a female Attorney General. Cranston said he'd refuse to repair bridges in states that failed to ratify the ERA (after all, only males were killed when that bridge collapsed in Connecticut recently). Hart cowered when rebuked for speaking past his time limit: "I'll try to do better next time," he whimpered. Mondale shouted, "I'm a feminist!" All promised to cut defense, raise social spending, and let Central America go Communist, and in general did everything but sleep with Bella Abzug. Oink, oink, oink.

■ Howell Raines is a mole, about whom more later. Meanwhile, get a load of Senator John Glenn, all-American hero astronaut soldier scientist, talking to the National Women's Political Caucus the other day, and getting his tit in the wringer when he mentions "man and wife." He's got all sorts of courage but not quite enough to tell a roomful of zealots that "man and wife" is a standard part of the English language. So he backed down, and corrected himself while contributing to the ongoing tapiocaizing of his mother tongue, and repeated the official formula: "husband and wife." So sad. Oh yes, about Howell Raines. He covered that scene for the *New York Times*, including in his article a mention of Kathy Wilson as the NWPC's newly re-elected "chairman." Is he one of . . . us?

■ One heartening sign of the progress of economic education is that hardly anyone believes government economic forecasts any more. It isn't just that the Office of Management and Budget has an incentive to forecast inaccurately (although it does); it's that the job is inherently impossible in an economic world ruled by free will. Now a Cato Institute study by Randolph Boehm has come along to confirm that the OMB usually manages to leave the broad side of the barn quite unscathed. Its forecasts of the change in the federal deficit, Boehm finds, have been off by an average of 529 per cent over the past ten years. In only three years did the estimate come within 75 per cent of the actual deficit change. Forecasts of the change in federal revenues and outlays were, by comparison, cut to ball-bearing accuracy: off by a mere 87 per cent and 29 per cent respectively, although Cato notes that the latter figure "conceals much larger errors in specific programs that partially offset each other." How could anyone think that a government which can't predict its own affairs could ever plan the whole economy's?

■ Okay, they asked for it, and here's WPA-gate. The story comes from *Thomas E. Dewey and His Times* by Richard Norton Smith, a veritable treasure-trove of conveniently forgotten material. In 1936, FDR was certain of demolishing the Republican nominee, Governor Alf Landon of Kansas, but Roosevelt wanted the final ounce of flesh, Landon's own Kansas: "Landon liked afterward to tell the story of his friend Roy Roberts, editor of the *Kansas City Star*, who had bet a thousand dollars that Landon would carry his home state. Driving to a fair on the Saturday before Election Day, Roberts

Those San Antonio Women

If Nancy went bra-less to dances
  And Ron switched from formal to punk;
If Falwell consorted with nudies
  While playing Thelonius Monk;
If Helms liked his waitresses topless;
  If Hatch practiced speeches in drag,
Ms. Steinem and bellowing Bella
  Would still hold their hankies and gag.

W. H. VON DREELE

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noted extra men working all along the highway. He decided to check out his hunch by returning on a different road and, sure enough, it too was lined with WPA workers. Only two months later did Roberts learn why. Jim Farley chuckled as he told of conversations with the state's IRS collector, its Democratic chairman, and its national committeeman over how many names would have to be added to the public payroll if Kansas were to forsake its traditional Republican voting habits. Three weeks before the election, Farley was given a firm figure—25,000. He then made sure that 26,723 men were hired during the campaign's final two weeks. FDR carried Kansas." As Ernest Hemingway used to say, how do you like that, gentlemen?

■ Keeping tabs on Washington, Harold, that is. When the fellow was elected mayor of Chicago this spring, the election had little ideological content. Two white candidates split the primary vote, and Harold Washington slid into the mayor's office, winning narrowly against a Republican nonentity. Now, however, we note that His Honor is being featured, portrait and all, in ads for the leftist magazine *In These Times*, which claims "a perspective you won't find anywhere else," which we wish were true. Other ad blurbs are contributed by I. F. Stone, Gloria Steinem, and Daniel Ellsberg. Keep your eye on Mr. Washington and his favorite mag.

■ If you don't remember paying in $1,200 this year to the Fund to Protect American Industry from Competition, it's because they never asked whether you wanted to contribute. Twelve hundred dollars is the extra amount every American family of four pays each year because of protectionist U.S. trade policies, according to a study by Michael Munger for Murray Weidenbaum's Center for the Study of American Business. The figure is almost surely an underestimate, because it doesn't include the most recent protectionist measures, or the ones that are especially hard to quantify, but it still adds up to a tidy $71 billion.

■ The Senate voted, 50 to 49 (Vice President Bush broke a tie), to resume production of nerve gas. Senator Kennedy decried "the same old argument that we need to have one more chip at the bargaining table." Senator Pryor warned that it could "mark the beginning of a new kind of arms race." Senator Hatfield denounced the weapon as "grotesque and barbar . . ." Oh, shut up.

■ For the first time since he came to power nearly ten years ago, President Augusto Pinochet is in real trouble domestically. The natives are restless. Chile's recovery ran out of steam sometime last year, unemployment is way up, prices are rising, and the world copper price is still down. The unrest started in the factories and mines and then spilled over into the streets. Pinochet's response was to call out the troops and jail the ringleaders. A fortnight ago, leaders of six banned political parties joined the fray, demanding not lower prices, or more food and jobs, but a return to democratic institutions. Three of the politicians, including the leader of the Christian Democratic Party, were jailed briefly. (The Supreme Court, which maintains some independence, ruled that there was insufficient evidence to hold them.) The immediate crisis seems to be over, but General Pinochet should heed the warning. Chile has a history of democratic government, and ten years should be long enough to lay the ghost of Salvador Allende.

■ A counter-cultural event took place on Capitol Hill last week. The culture being countered, for a change, was not that of American capitalist democracy, but that of the "stolen revolution," the increasingly Leninist culture of the Sandinistas in Nicaragua. The event was a day-long conference sponsored by the Ad Hoc Committee for Democracy in Nicaragua on the occasion of the fourth anniversary of the Sandinista takeover. The Ad Hoc Committee is a broadly based, bipartisan coalition founded in support of genuine democracy in Nicaragua: Many of its members originally supported the Sandinista revolution, but are now disillusioned with what they see as a betrayal of its promises. The conference, held in a Senate office building, was a similarly bipartisan affair, with speeches by Senator Henry M. Jackson, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Republican and Democratic congressmen, and numerous Nicaraguan exiles, including several former Sandinistas. The event is only one of many hopeful signs that elite opinion in Washington can be turned around on the subject of Central America, another being the White House's announcement of the formation of a bipartisan commission on Central America headed up by Henry Kissinger. The latter faces a vastly more difficult task than its immediate predecessor, the Scowcroft Commission, but if it can succeed in mustering broad support for policies that will reverse the gradual dis-

Let Mondale Be Mondale

Sometimes, like Ronald Colman, he's
Behind an iron mask;
Sometimes he's bricked up, draining an
Amontillado cask.
They even make the guy sign out
Whenever nature calls,
From fear he'll peddle tax-and-spend
At squares and shopping malls.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

"How many legions does Henry have?" That's the Stalin spin-off query one hears uttered in air-conditioned Washington salons these days by those who marvel at Henry Kissinger's invincible resilience, demonstrated most recently by his having been appointed to lead the National Bipartisan Commission on Central America. Here is a man whose very name was so anathema to conservatives that officials at the 1980 Republican National Convention feared that his presence alone might cause a riot. Trashed evenly by the far Left (Seymour Hersh, Mary McGrory, Senator Chris Dodd, Congressman Tom Harkin) and the far Right (Richard Viguerie, Howard Phillips, General Albion Knight), Kissinger polarizes the two wings to an extraordinary degree. "There may be someone in this broad land further down on my list of choices," said Senator Jesse Helms of Kissinger's appointment, "but I can't think of anyone." Later, he added that he would not be at all surprised if the White House were to place David Rockefeller on the commission.

The far Right's condemnation of Kissinger is really a bit much or, as they say hereabouts, *de trop*. Mr. Kissinger has carried a lot of conservative geopolitical water, after all, and he has done so at times when it was not the fashion. Take Angola, for example. The 1975 Tunney Amendment was meant to cut off covert aid to Jonas Savimbi, an aid restriction that became permanent law through the Clark Amendment of the following year. Jesse Helms voted in favor of the Tunney Amendment. Many conservatives who today are beating up on Kissinger for détente were hiding in the hills when he was out in front waging almost solitary battle. The far Right has since gotten religion, and Senator Helms has been leading the charge to repeal Clark. "But there's a deep isolationist strain in many American conservatives," says one Kissinger confidant. They like to talk tough, but when it comes to intervention, there's precious little constituency for it.

Chile is another instance where Henry nailed his conservative colors to the mast. Both he and Richard Nixon saw early that Allende was a viciously anti-American Communist, out to subvert both Chilean democracy and American national interest. Kissinger was reviled, especially by the far Left, for his attempts to prevent these subversions. Kissinger's anti-Communism showed in Indochina, too, which, with Nixon, he tried to save from the Communists, at great political cost to himself. On the defense budget, Kissinger stood behind the MX, the Trident, and the first ABM system (we almost got it), because he wanted to be dealing from strength with the Soviets. The U.S. penetration of Red China was undertaken by Nixon/Kissinger purely for the purpose of rearranging the balance of power by splitting off China from the Soviet Union. It was Kissinger, too, serving Nixon, who initiated the Mutual and Balanced Force Reduction talks in 1971, a strategy that helped defeat the Mansfield Amendment of the same year, which would have pulled half our troops out of Europe. Recall, finally, that Anwar Sadat credited the Nixon/Brezhnev communiqué of 1972, engineered by Kissinger, as one of his chief reasons for kicking the Russians out of Egypt, construing the communiqué as signaling subordination by the Soviets of the Middle East tie to their relationship with the U.S.

Normally, bipartisan commissions are assembled to co-opt and neutralize the Left, as did the Social Security and the MX bodies, the latter peeling off the Albert Gores and the Les Aspins with great skill and suavity. This commission will do little to neutralize the Left, true, and certainly will not silence the Right. But its function may be broader, namely, to mobilize the middle. Note that the members named to serve with Kissinger are centrist themselves, whether Democratic or Republican. Note, too, that the AFL-CIO's Lane Kirkland is represented, and recall that organization's upstanding record of anti-Communism, notably (in the region in question) through the American Institute for Free Labor Development, which supplied key public support to the Reagan Administration for its Central American policy.

The broad mandate of this commission will be enhanced, ironically, by the super-controversiality of Henry A. Kissinger, who, more than any other phenomenon short of sending in the Marines, will rivet sorely needed public attention on Central America.

Having Kissinger on board remains a gamble for Ronald Reagan, but it is a toss that he will probably win. The burden of proof is still on the anti-Kissingerites. That's how many legions Henry has. —CATO

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integration of the region, it will do the nation—and the world—a great service.

■ The campaign to deny the existence of yellow rain shifts to the pages of *Foreign Affairs*. In the Spring issue, Robert Bartley and William Kucewicz, both of the *Wall Street Journal*, had asked some pointed questions about the arms-control process, in the light of the breach of treaty represented by the use of poisons in Afghanistan and Southeast Asia. The counterblast came in the letters section of the Summer issue. One correspondent cited the conclusion of a conference on yellow rain, held this April in Cambridge, Massachusetts, that "serious scientific questions remain"; another, an Australian report that one yellow-rain sample was a hoax. The larger moral of the letters was that there is, nope, nothing to worry about. Bartley and Kucewicz rebut: They will address the official report of the conference when it is released (it was off-limits to reporters, despite their requests to attend); the Australians had specifically declined to debunk yellow rain in general—indeed speculated that their sample might have been "disinformation," that is, a Soviet ploy to discredit yellow rain, not an American one to prove it. Which all suggests another moral: The Soviets are presumed innocent until proven guilty; then they are still presumed innocent. What if they dropped yellow rain on Cambridge? What if the Cantabrigians got strange symptoms? Or could anyone tell the difference?

■ Watch what we do, not what we say: The Jaruzelski regime made a big to-do about the lifting of the year-and-a-half-old martial law. But hold on. At the

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11th hour, the rubber-stamp Polish parliament fell in line behind a set of proposals that leaves the Poles *more* restricted than under martial law. Among the measures: a) prison terms for membership in outlawed organizations (i.e., Solidarity); b) centralized police and security police; and (the ace) c) a constitutional amendment that allows the government to declare state-of-emergency martial law without the formality of parliamentary approval. The Polish Press Agency advises us that the measures "suit the present needs of normalization of socio-political life in Poland," which translates: If you think conditions couldn't get worse, wait. Says Lech Walesa, "If I were to choose between those new bills and martial law, I would choose martial law."

■ The *Yale Literary Magazine*, America's oldest campus magazine (indeed, the oldest American magazine of any kind), has won the first annual American Values Award for Distinguished Journalism of the United States Industrial Council's Education Foundation. Anthony Harrigan, the foundation's president, said award winners had to "take chances in the debate of ideas." In recent years, the *Lit* has taken chances with George Gilder, John Chamberlain, and Richard Brookhiser, as well as with poets, painters, aphorists, and art critics. Yale meanwhile, proud of its sons, is suing to force the *Lit* to change its name. (Lest Yale be associated with such riff-raff?)

■ One thing for sure about the Vicki Morgan videotapes—the congressman wasn't Gerry Studds.

■ At least *our* guy likes girls.

■ We think Ronald Reagan should pardon George Will.

Peace Throes

The story is told of a wise old rabbi who was asked by his pupils if there would be a war. After pondering some time, the rabbi answered that there would be no war. "But there will be such a struggle for peace that no stone will be left standing."

The perennial U.S.-Soviet struggle for peace is under way once again, to the relief of summer boredom. Twice in the past months, the Soviet Union has come forward with modifications of its negotiating position at the START talks in Geneva, generating a volume of publicity in the Western media way out of proportion to the significance of the "concessions." More recently, the USSR has at long last consented to sign a Concluding Document at the Madrid Conference, ending nearly three years of filibustering against all attempts to take it to task for its violations of the

"Isn't it a blessing, comrade, that we have no Catholic bishops in Russia—and isn't it a blessing that they do have Catholic bishops in the U.S."

human-rights provisions of the Helsinki Final Act. To make certain this concession did not go unnoticed in the West, Moscow almost simultaneously granted exit visas to the remaining members of the Pentecostalist families who until recently were living in sanctuary in the U.S. Embassy in Moscow. The Polish martial-law claptrap continues apace.

The U.S. response to this deluge of concessions has been consciously conciliatory. State Department officials have dutifully detected signs of promise and flexibility in Moscow's latest START proposals. Secretary of State George Shultz will travel to Madrid to sign the Concluding Document, exchange pleasantries, and perhaps discuss the possibility of a Reagan-Andropov summit meeting. As for Poland, the Administration is hinting openly that the lifting of martial law could eventually lead to a rescission of U.S. sanctions. Anyone who still doubts that a mini-thaw is upon us (at least the 11th in the past three years) may be persuaded by the visit of young Samantha Smith of Maine to the Soviet Union at the personal invitation of Yuri Andropov. Despite the fact that her tour was arranged at the Soviets' behest, with Soviet largesse, and in the Soviet interest, U.S. Ambassador to Moscow Arthur Hartman managed to see it as "a plus for us." The struggle for peace is clearly running rampant.

It is tempting to view these happenings as one grand exercise in mutual, balanced, and verifiable hypocrisy. In actuality, the two superpowers feel compelled to pull together in this charade for deadly serious, albeit totally diametrical, reasons. The Reagan Administration must prove its commitment to peace and to arms control if it is to sustain the

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momentum of the American military buildup in the face of growing domestic opposition. The Kremlin, on the other hand, seeks to demonstrate its peaceful intentions precisely in order to undermine the U.S. buildup by robbing it of domestic support. The tactical imperatives of this strategic struggle paradoxically pull the two sides together in a stilted celebration of "peace." The principal audience of this drama, for the moment at least, is the U.S. Congress, where numerous crucial votes on the MX missile lie ahead. There are many hurdles to get over between now and final deployment, and support for the MX missile is shaky, particularly in the House. Once those votes are past, the focus will shift back to Western Europe, where violent demonstrations in the cause of peace will greet the first deployments of Pershing IIs and cruise missiles in December.

The logical end of the current mini-thaw would be a summit meeting between Reagan and Andropov. It is not at all clear, however, that Andropov would agree to such a meeting, which could only help Reagan domestically, by undermining critics of his foreign policy. Nor is it evident that the President really wants such a meeting, since its concrete achievements are likely to be meager and the opportunities for Soviet grandstanding abundant. But the inexorable imperatives of the struggle for peace may draw the two men together, since neither can afford the appearance of belligerence right now. Only one thing is certain: If they do meet, no stone will be left unturned —or standing—in the search for peace.

Et Tu, Moynihan

There is trouble in the neo-conservative ranks. Not only has Irving Kristol come out, implausibly enough, for "no first use" of nuclear weapons in Europe—a notion unappealing to NATO defenders against massed Warsaw Pact tanks—but Daniel Patrick Moynihan has emerged as a principal critic of the Administration's resistance to Communist takeovers in Central America.

All of this, and more, is too much for *Commentary* magazine's editor, Norman Podhoretz, who attacks the exfoliating varieties of contemporary appeasement in a major essay entitled "Appeasement by Any Other Name," in the July number of *Commentary*.

Mr. Podhoretz played a major role in the political emergence of Mr. Moynihan. He helped to draft those UN speeches given by Ambassador Moynihan that made him into a temporarily powerful proponent of Western democracy and a scourge of Third World demagoguery. Essays by Moynihan, often excellent, appeared in the pages of *Commentary*. On the basis of his record, *NR* made Moynihan its Man of the Year for 1975.

As of 1975, *NR* was justified. Since his election to the Senate, however, Mr. Moynihan would be a suitable subject for a series of engravings by William Hogarth: "The Decline of a Politician." Just what, if anything, Senator Moynihan actually believes these days is a matter for recondite speculation, but his voting record in the Senate places him on the left fringe of the Democratic Party, and his position on Central America is indistinguishable, except perhaps in nuance, from that of Senator Christopher Dodd. In "Appeasement by Any Other Name," Mr. Podhoretz analyzes the roots of the current pacifist/isolationist mood in widespread fear of Soviet power and a post-Vietnam reluctance to use U.S. forces anywhere beyond San Diego.

Mr. Podhoretz makes telling points, well worth documenting, about overt leftists such as Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times*. But it is clearly the metamorphosis of Moynihan—who is indirectly indicted but not attacked by name in the essay—that really hurts. On the record, as of 1975, both Mr. Podhoretz and *NR* had a demonstrable basis for their support of Mr. Moynihan. Today, the victim of shallow ambition and political opportunism (he is positioning himself to be a vice presidential candidate), Moynihan is a national disaster.

The Spoiler

From the newspapers the impression is easily obtained that there is but one army (the Israeli) or at best two armies (the Israeli and the Syrian) in all of Lebanon. In fact, Lebanon is currently the venue for at least seven different armies, not counting factions or fragments, of which there are several dozen more. Lebanon was a royal mess before the Israeli army invaded; it is even more of a royal mess now. Given the circumstances, the latest mission of U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz to the Middle East must be viewed as an act of obligatory diplomacy, something that must be done, even though the prospects for success are virtually nil.

Peace between Arab and Jew, or for that matter between Arab and Arab, would be an elusive pros-

Fixing the Blame

With public schools just barely fit
To teach a class on using Flit,
A nasty mix of pols and ghouls
Demands to know, Who killed the schools?
"The penny-pinchers," Mondale says,
As Glenn and Cranston knock the Prez;
But I believe each boy and girl
Should learn to put the blame on Earl.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Remembering the Terror

ABC has performed a valuable public service by showing *The American Inquisition*, a documentary on the McCarthy era. The show focused on two victims of McCarthyism who lost their jobs when they were groundlessly accused of being Communists.

The stories constitute a harrowing reminder of what can happen even in a democratic society when a ruthless demagogue plays on the fears of the populace. We can't be reminded too often.

If *The American Inquisition* can be faulted for anything, it is for failing to give a sense of the full dimensions of what Michael Rossman has eloquently termed "the McCarthy terror." Reviewing a book about that sorry era published in 1975, Rossman wrote: "I could hardly read the first chapters for my crying, seeing at last an account of what it was like to grow up as a 'red diaper baby' during the McCarthy terror, with the FBI at the door: in families tight with fear and struggling to preserve their humanity, in schools where a slip of the tongue might make one a pariah."

True enough. But America still lacks a Solzhenitsyn to compile the facts necessary to convey the magnitude of McCarthy's reign of terror. Millions lost their jobs and reputations. Midnight arrests were routine, with fathers vanishing forever as their children slept. Teachers were told what to teach and threatened with reprisal if they deviated by a hair's breadth from the official line. Magazines expressing radical or even mildly dissident views were closed down.

Dissenters were rounded up by the thousands and herded into secret camps. Those suspected of Communist affiliations were held without trials. Some were arrested without warrant and put before firing squads; at least one was denied a final cigarette.

The FBI and CIA jointly undertook a massive campaign of persecution of ideas. Bacteriological warfare was unleashed against American universities. Josef Stalin and his American admirers were accused of harboring Communist sympathies. Liberals like I. F. Stone were forced to live underground for several years or face exile—or worse.

While some were exiled, others were forbidden to leave. The Coast Guard patrolled the shorelines with machine guns poised to kill anyone attempting to row or swim to freedom. McCarthy sometimes personally rode in Coast Guard cutters, shrieking orders to shoot whenever he imagined he saw a "Communist" attempting to flee through the water.

In the dissident camps themselves, prisoners were ill-fed, overworked, and raggedly clothed. Many froze to death; even the winters seemed harsher under McCarthyism. Others were reduced to cannibalism; one mother, who had been guilty of voting for Adlai Stevenson, ate two of her own children. After her release from the camp, she committed suicide. Hers was not an isolated case.

McCarthy especially hated Jews, blacks, and homosexuals. For this reason all these groups were overrepresented in the dissident camps. Millions perished in those camps, but the exact figure will never be known. Not only the inmates but their relatives, as well as the camp guards themselves and all the records, were destroyed, their remains paved over with the thousands of shopping centers that still dot the nation, patronized by innocent Americans with no memory or even suspicion of the grim secrets beneath their feet.

Before his fall, McCarthy gave orders to obliterate every trace of his misdeeds. For that reason *The American Inquisition* could only hint at the full reality. But one of McCarthy's chief henchmen, the general administrator of the secret camps, was a young Hollywood actor who kept with him at all times a pet chimpanzee from one of his last movies. After McCarthy lost his power, the chimp vanished. It probably knew too much. —JOSEPH SOBRAN

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pect in any circumstance, but the probability of peace is reduced almost to the vanishing point by the fact that there is a spoiler in the Middle East. That spoiler is Moscow. Its burden is infinitely lighter than Washington's, for while the United States must seek to construct an edifice of peace upon the region's shifting sands, Moscow needs only to kick up the sand a bit so as to ensure its collapse.

U.S. interests in the Middle East would best be served by peace, since peace would mean the development of normal patterns of commerce with American influence in the ascendancy. The USSR's interests, on the other hand, are best served by tension and conflict, without which the Kremlin would have no influence at all in the region. The Arabs, for the most part, have nothing but contempt for the Soviet Union, and Communism is the last thing on their minds. Time and again they have been forced to turn to Moscow, but only because it is the one power willing to provide them with the arms they seek at the right price. This is not a love-hate relationship, as some have suggested; it is purely a marriage of convenience, held together only because there is sufficient cynicism and mutual dependency to overcome the centrifugal forces at work. If an enduring peace were attained in the Middle East, Soviet influence

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with the Arabs would collapse overnight, and Moscow knows it. Hence, it spoils.

It is for this reason that the only significant steps toward peace that have been taken in the Middle East have been based on the total exclusion of the USSR from the diplomatic process. This was Kissinger's approach when he shuttled about and achieved the disengagement agreements that ended the Yom Kippur War; it was the essence of Sadat's diplomacy after 1973 and the key to the Camp David accords. The Reagan Administration has wisely seen fit to continue in that tradition and ignore voices calling for "a comprehensive settlement" (one including the Soviet Union).

Unfortunately, exclusion from the peace process doesn't stop Moscow from playing the role of spoiler. It is currently doing so principally through its ties with Syria and the PLO. By massively resupplying Syria's losses in the Lebanon fighting of last year, by upgrading its air defenses, and by giving it all manner of reassurances, the Kremlin has made certain that Assad will feel strong enough not to withdraw from Lebanon. As for the PLO, the rebellion against Arafat touched off a volley of urgent communications between him and Moscow and between Moscow and Damascus. Were the PLO to disintegrate into hapless warring factions, the whole Palestinian issue might be exposed for the contrivance it is. This does not necessarily mean, however, that the Soviet leadership was panicked by or even opposed to the rebellion. It is possible that Damascus and Moscow gave encouragement to the rebels in order to put pressure on Arafat not to effect a complete pullout from Lebanon; the last thing they want is a PLO with no foothold on the front line. Whatever the case, there is little doubt that Moscow's policy toward the rebellion was not determined by any sense of loyalty to Arafat. The Kremlin has no loyalties, but only interests.

The MX as Bargaining Chip

In an open letter smuggled out of the USSR and published in the Summer issue of *Foreign Affairs*, Andrei Sakharov urges the U.S. to continue rearming: "The main danger is slipping into an all-out nuclear war. *If* the probability of such an outcome could be reduced at the cost of another ten or 15 years of the arms race, then perhaps that price must be paid."

The letter was a reply to Professor Sidney Drell of Stanford, a leading arms-control advocate. Sakharov agreed with Drell on "the appalling dangers of nuclear war" and on the need to bolster conventional forces so as to lessen the chances of breaking a nuclear trip-wire in Europe. But, leaving Drell in the churning tank dust on the German plain, Sakharov urges development and deployment of the MX so that the Soviets' lead in land-based missiles doesn't give the men in the Kremlin the itch to use those missiles. "If it is necessary to spend a few billion dollars on MX missiles to alter this situation [Soviet superiority], then perhaps this is what the West must do."

The Soviet reaction to the letter was loud and clear. In the government newspaper *Izvestia*, four members of the Soviet Academy of Sciences described Sakharov as having sunk to "a low level of morality," a man "who hates his own country and people," and, for the clincher, a traitor who has warned "the bosses of America: Do not believe in the peaceful intentions of socialist states." *Izvestia* adds: "Sakharov only forgets to say that the Soviet Union is the focus of evil and to call for a crusade against Communism."

Well, we don't think he forgot. But in word and deed Sakharov continues to earn such an encomium as Anthony Lewis paid him: "The greatness of Andrei Sakharov as a human being is what comes through. He has been in exile for more than three years now, hounded by the KGB, his health deteriorating. Yet he is still able to write with compelling reason, experience, and passion on the most profound threat to all humanity."

Off the Record

Are the Soviets manipulating the peace movement? Representative Edward Boland (D., Mass.), chairman of the House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence, thinks not. But he has a funny way of making his opinion stick.

A year ago Boland's committee began hearings on the peace movement. Finally, on December 9, Boland appeared before the press and summed up his committee's findings: "The bottom line is that the hearings provide no evidence that the Soviets direct, manage, or manipulate the nuclear-freeze movement." Case closed? Not quite.

A new book by John Barron, *KGB Today: The Hidden Hand* (reviewed in *NR* July 8), devotes a chapter to the Soviet role in the peace movement. Barron's findings differ sharply from Boland's. According to Barron, the peace movement was conceived on February 23, 1981, when Soviet strongman Leonid Brezhnev, in a speech before the 26th Party Congress of the Soviet Union, made the first official appeal for a nuclear freeze.

Though the idea of a freeze had been in the air for some time, Barron shows that it hadn't been able to take root. Then, one month after Brezhnev spoke, the first national strategy conference of the American Nuclear Freeze Campaign was held at Georgetown University in Washington. "From March 20 to 22, 1981," Barron writes, "virtually the entire blueprint for the nuclear-freeze campaign that followed was drawn in

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clear and comprehensive detail." Yuri Kapralov, a KGB officer assigned to the peace movement, spoke on a discussion panel. ("Very impressive," said one observer.)

Barron also had some findings about Boland's committee itself. Among the committee's exhibits was a brochure published by the World Peace Council, one of the oldest and most successful of Soviet fronts. Barron found, to his amazement, that the committee had deleted 14 pages of the brochure—and had tried to hide the fact that any deletions had been made.

What did those 14 pages contain? The World Peace Council's boasts (including pictures) of its contacts in Washington with a number of celebrities, including Congressmen Ronald Dellums, John Conyers, Ted Weiss, Don Edwards, and Charles Rangel. Boland didn't deny having omitted the information. "I felt," he wrote to another congressman, "it was not appropriate for the committee to document the *public* activities or associations of any member of Congress. I was not willing to see the committee involved in the practice of 'naming names,' a practice I would hope would never be revived in Congress" (our emphasis). All the names, by the way, were Democratic names.

So much for the public's right to know. But what is really outrageous is Boland's attempt to deceive fellow members of Congress, not only by omitting facts they had a right to know, but by representing his mutilated version of the evidence as the whole truth.

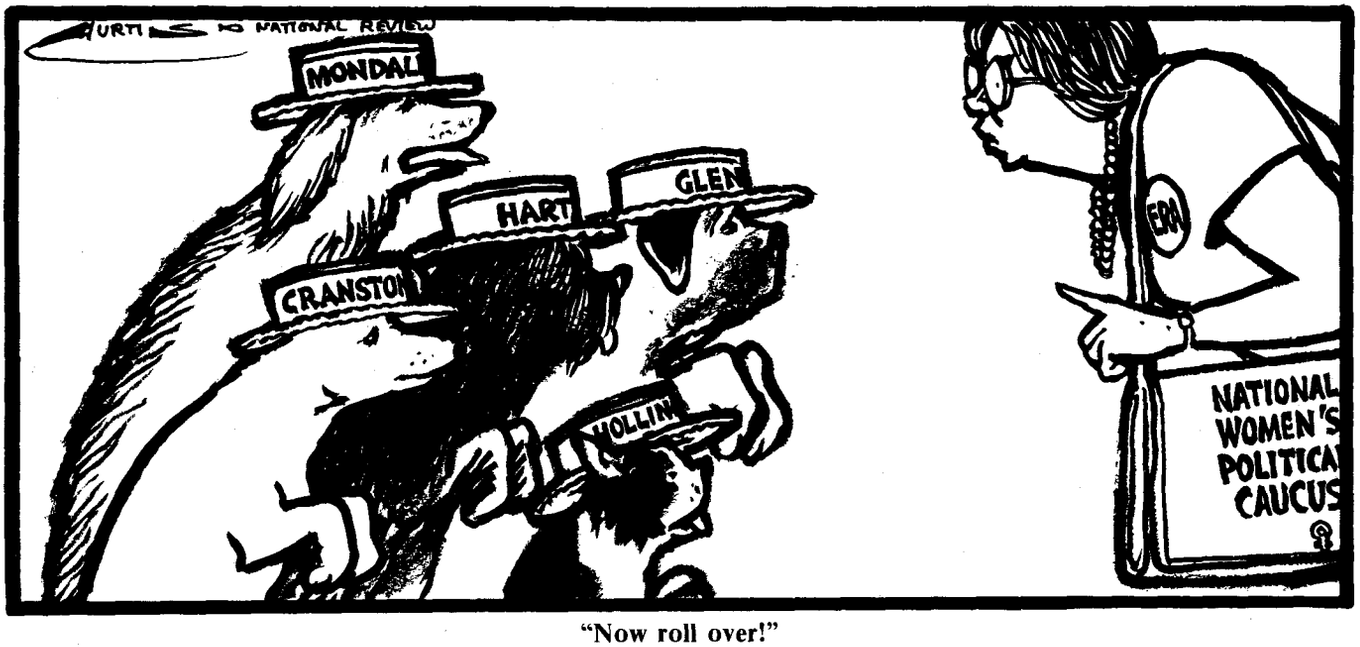
Meanwhile the peace movement is alive and well. In May some fifty of its leaders, as gathered under the sponsorship of the Institute for Policy Studies, met in Minneapolis with 27 Soviet officials and "academicians." All present reached remarkable accord on their agenda: Responsibility for taking the first "concrete measures" falls on the United States. The human-rights issue was quietly put on a back burner.

Social Suicide

After two decades of frivolous posturing and earnest legislating, of wars on poverty and riots in the streets, of acting on affirmative action and neglecting benign neglect—decades during which black poverty held rhetorical and political center stage—the gap in income between blacks and whites turns out to have been as large, give or take a statistically insignificant percentage point, in 1981 as in 1960. The figures: In 1960, black median income stood at 55 per cent of white median income; 21 years later, it stood at 56 per cent.

That was the headline conclusion of "A Dream Deferred: The Economic Status of Black Americans," a nonpartisan, private study conducted by the Center for the Study of Social Policy, in Washington. The subsidiary conclusions were not all grim. Black families in which both parents worked actually made major gains, exceeding those of white families (their income, as a percentage of the income of their white counterparts, rose from 73 per cent in 1968 to 84 per cent in 1981). That gain, however, was wiped out by the spiraling number of black families with children under 18 where there was no husband: 8 per cent of all black families in 1950; 21 per cent in 1960; a whopping 47 per cent in 1981 (when white families in the same situation accounted for only 14 per cent of the white total). The poor economic performance of such families drives the whole black total down. Meanwhile, unattached black men are not working—only 55 per cent of black men over 16 were working in 1981, as opposed to 74 per cent in 1960.

The figures show that the plight of the black poor —at a time when politicians and speechmakers were most concerned to improve their lot—actually got worse. They constitute an indictment of the welfare



"Now roll over!"

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system, and a ratification of the intuitions of critics—most prominently, George Gilder. "Poverty is a state of mind, not of income. The key ways of overcoming this state of mind are marriage and work, which are precisely the activities that welfare virtually prohibits" (George Gilder, *NR*, Nov. 10, 1978). "Upward mobility usually comes from regular work integrated in male psychology. By preventing this state of mind and creating an easy-money psychology, welfare actually means that young poor males are likely to remain poor all their lives" (*Sexual Suicide*, 1973). As the money dribbled in, poor black men, with no role to fill, bugged out—a desertion that, paradoxically, diminished black earning capacity. Social planners traded in incentive, self-discipline, and, ultimately, the family structure that rests on them, for material security—and left poor blacks less well off, even materially, than before. Never was vindication more thorough, or less sweet.

Harry James, R I P

Every era has its sound. In 1917, the doughboys went to war to the tune of George M. Cohan's "Over There." In 1941, the GI mood was set by the trumpet of Harry James playing those songs of wartime separation and longing like "I Don't Want to Walk without You" and "I Cried for You."

James emerged as a highly regarded jazz trumpeter with Benny Goodman's band, known for "hot" tunes like "Sing, Sing, Sing" and "One O'Clock Jump," but his immense popularity came when he started his own band and moved in the direction of the emotional ballads that would characterize the war era. His 1941 hit "You Made Me Love You" moved him to the top of the charts, and his theme "Ciribiribin" was familiar to radio audiences around the world. Once, while his band was playing at New York's Paramount Theater, James heard on the radio a singer broadcasting from the Rustic Cabin in Englewood, New Jersey, liked what he heard, and hired Frank Sinatra.

In 1942, the huge sales of James's records—"Velvet Moon," "All or Nothing at All"—caused wartime concern over the amount of shellac their manufacture required. In 1943, when James married actress and GI pinup Betty Grable, the soldiers adapted an old tune and sang "I Want a Girl Just like the Girl That Married Harry James."

He died in Las Vegas, at age 67, of cancer.

Herman Kahn, R I P

Herman Kahn's spectacular physical bulk—three hundred pounds was probably an understatement—could be seen as a kind of metaphor. With a brain like that, it seemed to say, the body be damned. Kahn took his stratospheric IQ from the Bayonne, New Jersey, and New York City of his boyhood to UCLA, Cal Tech, and, after the war, the Rand Corporation in Santa Monica, a leading strategic think tank, where he worked until 1961.

His first book made him famous. *On Thermonuclear War* appeared in 1960, and it still, in its detached analysis of various nuclear-war scenarios, retains the power to shock. Kahn gave widespread offense because of his persistent refusal to wring his hands and his guiding belief that nothing was to be gained by eschewing rational analysis. He committed further sins against received opinion. He denied that nuclear war would finish off civilization, and he argued, as well, that considering nuclear war "unthinkable" merely made it more likely. All of this made him anathema to the sentimental Left, and inspired Stanley Kubrik's (wonderful) movie *Dr. Strangelove*.

As founder and director of the Hudson Institute in Croton-on-Hudson, New York, Kahn, along with his team of policy analysts, pursued a multiplicity of interests, from narcotics policy to global economics, energy, international trade, population, transportation, crime, medicine. Kahn himself was gregarious, excellent company, voluble, and a veritable Mount St. Helens of ideas on every conceivable subject. Along with the late Donald Brennan, Kahn was a pioneer critic of the long-regnant strategic doctrine of Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD), which only recently has become the subject of spreading skepticism.

"I'm against ignorance," he said in a recent interview. "I'm against sloppy, emotional thinking. I'm against fashionable thinking. I'm against the whole cliché at the moment."

He died at 61 of a heart attack at his home in Chappaqua, New York.

Notes & Asides

■ Memo to: *NR* writers
From: WFB

From now until November 1984, *NR* will refer to the years 1977-1981 as the "Carter-Mondale Era."

■ Memo to: Bill Buckley
From: Bill Rusher

I think our readers would be interested to know the outcome of Liberty Lobby's $4-million libel suit against *NR*, which was launched in January 1980 on

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the basis of passing references to Liberty Lobby and its founder, Willis Carto, in our article about Lyndon LaRouche and his National Caucus of Labor Committees in the March 30, 1979 issue. *NR* promptly counterclaimed on five counts of libel by Liberty Lobby against *NR*, seeking damages in the aggregate amount of $20 million. At the conclusion of the examinations before trial, each party filed a motion to dismiss the other's complaint, and *NR* in addition moved for summary judgment in its favor on portions of four of the five counts in its counterclaim.

On June 17 of this year Judge Joyce Hens Green of the Federal District Court for the District of Columbia 1) granted *NR*'s motion to dismiss Liberty Lobby's complaint, 2) denied Liberty Lobby's motion to dismiss our counterclaim against it, and 3) granted *NR*'s motion for summary judgment on the specified portions of the counterclaim.

We can now proceed to litigate the amount of damages Liberty Lobby must pay on the matters as to which summary judgment in our favor was granted—and of course the basic issues of liability and damages on the balance of our counterclaim.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

It has not gone unnoticed that you have not run an article on the Shroud of Turin for over a year.

Should I assume that you have some information that has raised some doubts in your mind about the Shroud's authenticity?

Surely you weren't intimidated by the female letter-writer alleging embarrassment by your staff over the articles.

I thought they were great and miss them.

Sincerely,
Archie Salerno
Florham Park, N.J.

P.S. Please don't send one of your postcards, I feel guilty at the waste of 17 cents, and it inhibits me from expressing myself as often as I would like to.

Dear Mr. Salerno: The Shroud is being submitted to more tests. Or, more accurately, tests already taken are being examined. Meanwhile, John Heller has written a book called *Report on the Shroud of Turin*, which we shall review soon. Don't worry, we'll keep you posted. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I recently bought and read Solzhenitsyn's *The Oak and the Calf*. In this book Solzhenitsyn mentioned what I believe is the ultimate oxymoron of these modern times. Mr. Buckley, may I present "socialist realism"?

Sincerely,
William M. Selenke
Cincinnati, Ohio

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

May I bluntly ask you, why are you now a Red or seem to be, when formerly you had this enormous reputation as being anti-Red? Until I know the answer to this question, I may not renew my subscription—or will I be shot at dawn?

Please explain. This is such a confusing world sometimes.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Mary E. Mujahed
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Dear Mrs. Mujahed: You are on to my grand deception. On the question you ask, the answer is, Yes, you will be shot at dawn, so you'd better hang in there. Cordially, WFB

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Chilton Williamson

In "The Right Books," June 24, 1983, I describe an encounter between Arnold Beichman and Georgi Arbatov related to me by Arnold last May in a phone conversation between his home in British Columbia and mine in Wyoming. Perhaps the connection was bad: some moose rubbing its back against the phone line someplace between Kemmerer and Naramata. Anyway, Arnold—a stickler for accuracy—now informs me that the incident I described occurred in 1977, not "recently" as I reported; and that therefore the name "Andropov" was not mentioned. Otherwise the facts are as I stated them. The KGB probably has the exchange on tape.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Among *NR*'s many unusual features is one of typography: The heavy bar above some headlines, which I call a heavy overline.

I wonder if you realize that this notation is used in Boolean logic (the basis of all digital logic in computers, robots, etc.) to indicate negation. A bar above the expression ALLIES would be read as "not allies," the opposite of allies, or "allies negated." In digital circuit drawings the overline over a signal's name means that it has no effect until it is turned "off" or "negative."

Now try reading some of the headings in your June 24 issue in this style—and share the grin with the increasing number of people who deal with the design and maintenance of computer hardware and those who teach and study digital electronics.

Greetings!
Ernest T. Thiersch
Deltona, Fla.

Dear Mr. Thiersch: And did you know that a heavy underline stresses the truth of the indicated story or statement? Boola-boola logic. Cordially, **—WFB**

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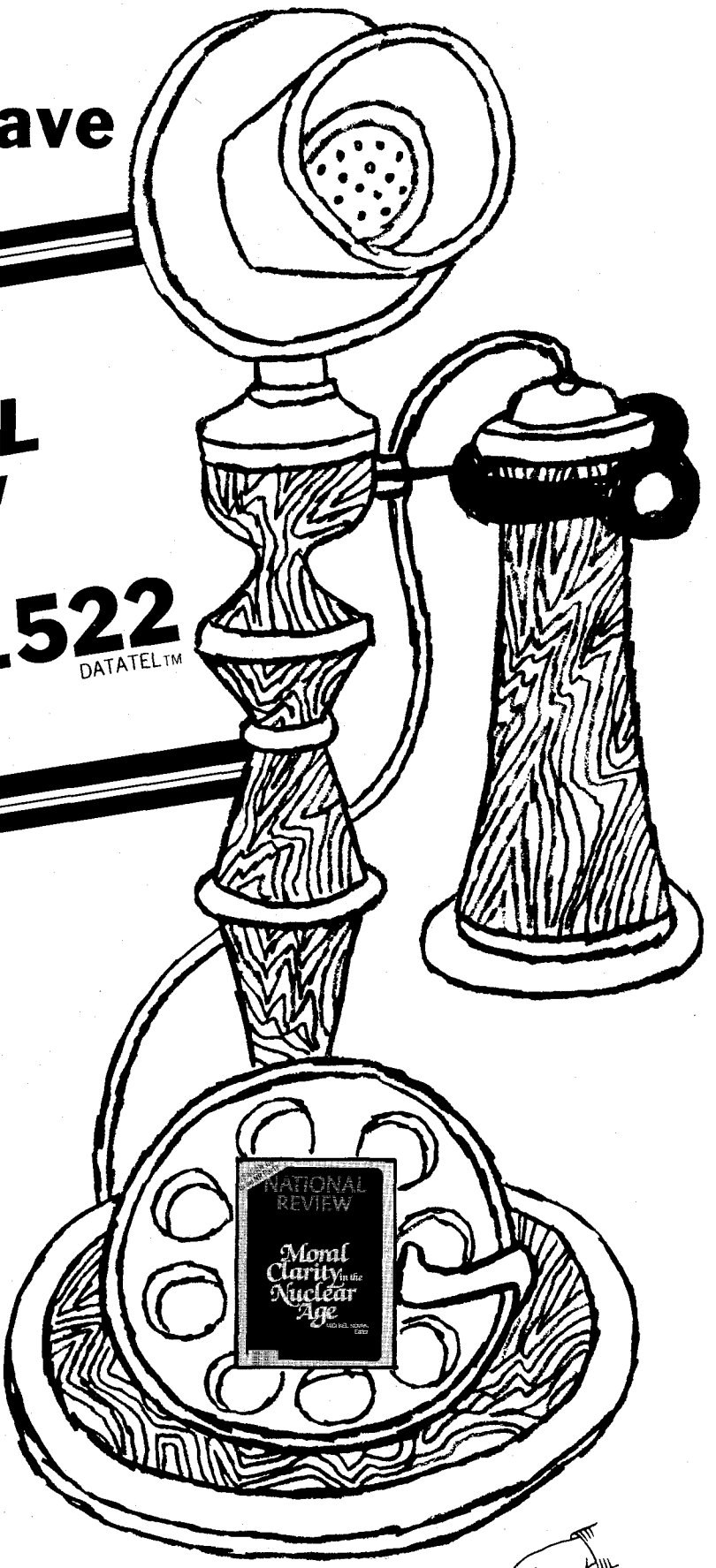

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FROM
Washington Straight

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

A Walk In The Woods

TWENTY-ONE congressmen recently returned from a trip to the Soviet Union, and they all brought back the same overpowering impression: The Soviets are obsessed with one thing—the emplacement of Pershing II missiles in NATO countries this December. Everything else pales in comparison: trade, human rights, regional conflicts, domestic economy. For two years President Reagan has waited for the Soviets to become absolutely convinced that their only option is an arms-control deal: that without it they face the ten-minutes-from-Moscow Pershings. Well, that moment has arrived. And, to their credit, the visiting congressmen reinforced the message, telling the Russians in one way or another: "Look, you guys, the Administration has made up its mind to deploy those missiles if there is no Geneva agreement. Congress is behind it. That's why we're here."

Yuri Andropov has had a long, hot summer. The Western peace movement failed to derail NATO's go-ahead on the missile deployment. Elections in Britain, West Germany, Italy, and Japan all supported Soviet opponents. Also, Andropov suffers from failing health—diabetes, plus kidney and heart trouble.

There are signs of softening, not to be overestimated, to be sure, but discernible nevertheless. The long-stalled European Security Conference in Madrid may move off the dime because of Soviet willingness to yield on human rights. The 15 Pentecostalists were released to come to the United States. Secretary Shultz has been discreetly meeting with Mr. Dobrynin to talk about trade and human rights. The UN-sponsored negotiations on Afghanistan are showing some apparent movement. At the Mutual and Balanced Force Reduction talks (MBFR) in Vienna, the Russians have made "comprehensive proposals." Congressman Jim Leach (R., Iowa) says the Soviets told him privately in Moscow that they will be more flexible on the verifiability issue in threshold test-ban treaty talks, an avowal that Leach—who is no conservative—takes as a personal promise. Finally, Andropov has suggested that the dates of adjournment and reconvening of the START talks be reset to reduce time off.

Put this all together and what do you have? A thaw? No. But not a solid, implacable monolith either. Somewhere in between is where the Soviets find themselves, leveraged into that new middle ground by Ronald Reagan's aggressive determination to proceed with Pershing deployment, absent a Geneva agreement.

The U.S. delegation to Moscow was broadly representative of the House; there were seven Republicans—Pritchard and Morrison (Wash.), Petri (Wis.), Hopkins (Ky.), Leach (Iowa), Kemp (N.Y.), and Cheney (Wyo.)—and 14 Democrats, including House Whip Foley (Wash.), leader of the group, and liberals Waxman and Beilenson (Calif.), Dicks (Wash.), and Downey (N.Y.).

BY THE strange alchemy that Americans experience while traveling together in the USSR, there comes into life a unity of perspective and mission that overrides all differences, no matter how passionately felt, and creates its own special bonding. Henry Waxman lashed out at the Soviets for human-rights violations in a way that the Soviets surely had never heard before, remarked one conservative member. David Obey (D., Wis.) delivered himself of "good, tough remarks" on regional conflicts, noted Richard Cheney. Cardiss Collins, the black congresswoman from Chicago, "did the U.S. proud," observed Tom Petri. When the Russians confronted the group during its discussion of human rights with the usual sloganeering ("You have a history of slavery in the United States, and racism today"), Representative Collins agreed that all was not perfect in the U.S., but reminded her hosts that she herself has been part of a movement that gave her the opportunity to change things. "But where, pray tell," she asked, "is the opportunity in the Soviet Union to change anything?"

Marshal Sergei Akhromeyev, the first deputy chief of the Soviet General Staff, uniformly impressed our congressmen, with one conservative characterizing him as "a quality guy, knowledgeable, capable, with enough self-confidence to speak without a script." Akhromeyev has the day-to-day responsibility for arms negotiations. After ladling out basic freeze pap to the visiting delegation, the marshal got this question from Tom Downey: How would the Russians respond to the "walk in the woods" formula developed by Paul Nitze, our negotiator at the Geneva Intermediate-Range Nuclear Force (INF) talks, and his Soviet counterpart, Yuli Kvitsinsky, as they walked in a grove near the Geneva talks site? By this formula the Soviets would reduce their SS-20 rockets from about 240 to 75, to be matched by an equal number of U.S. cruise missiles in Western Europe. (Note well, please, that the Pershing II ballistic missiles would be *excluded* from this deal.)

The marshal replied that such a proposal was not on the table, and that if it were, the Soviet Union would consider it in the same way that it would consider any other proposal. Downey saw in this an increased flexibility; others, such as Cheney, were more cautious in reading such an ambiguous utterance.

Watch for a colossal contest this fall, not only at Geneva, but also within the Reagan Administration, as Cap Weinberger and aides Fred Iklé and Richard Perle on one side do battle with George Shultz, Larry Eagleburger, and Richard Burt on the other, with NSC Advisor Bill Clark acting as broker. At issue: Should the U.S. accept the "walk in the woods" framework coupled with an exclusion of the British and French missile count? Defense wants to wait until deployment to negotiate, our position being stronger then. State wants to talk now, crediting somewhat Georgi Arbatov's threat that if there is no agreement before the December deployment the Soviets will check out of both INF and START.

The key question is: What will Mr. Reagan want to do? In the Pershing II, he has found a lever big enough and terrifying enough to the Soviets to move these stubborn talks off dead center. But will he take his walk in the woods? Fifty-fifty, say the congressmen who just visited the Kremlin. □

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POLITICAL ECONOMY

Reagan's Spendthrift Congress

TOM BETHELL

JANUARY USED to be the appropriate time of year to consider the federal budget, but since the inauguration of the "budget process" in 1974 there is no longer any particular season when it makes sense to examine the figures. The Office of Management and Budget's (OMB) January numbers, which are now little more than formal ledger entries to be changed at will by Congress over the ensuing 12 months, merely mislead people today. The whole muddled array of numbers changes confusingly from month to month. Did last week's supplemental appropriation apply to the current fiscal year? Did yesterday's conference agreement amend the out-years, or merely the fiscal year beginning next October? The "budget process" is now so confused that a degree in accounting would be useful to those deciphering it.

The news media don't help at all. Reporting on the budget has degenerated into exclamations of dismay about budget deficits, a puzzling consensus that the new "budget process" is altogether admirable, and ventriloquized editorials on behalf of tax increases to "eliminate the massive deficit." On the Op-Ed pages George Will is there to tell us that we are undertaxed. M. Stanton Evans points out that it has become hard to find dollar outlay and revenue totals in news reporting about the federal budget; usually we are told little more than the deficit ($200 billion last month, $170 billion this). Since spending totals have risen dramatically in the Reagan years, despite lower than expected inflation, there is no little deception in omitting discussion of the actual numbers. They might undermine the argument that our meager tax-rate reductions are to blame for the budget deficit.

To make sense of the endless budget confusion, one must compare spending totals as they are today with the totals projected two or three years ago. Such comparisons, it is safe to say, you will never find in press reports—with the honorable exception of *Human Events*, and of Warren Brookes's excellent syndicated economics column. When the Reagan Administration came to office, David Stockman *tried* for a few months to do something about spending. But the big spending constituencies on Capitol Hill, aided every step of the way by the media's eagerness to misrepresent Stockman's actions, the better to preempt them, proved to be too powerful.

In the summer of 1981 the fiscal 1983 spending total was projected at $728 billion. The current figure for spending this year (ending September 30) is $815 billion. Nearly $100 billion over target. Could that be why deficits are so large? I am waiting, no doubt till Doomsday, for George Will to differentiate himself from his liberal colleagues by suggesting that we are overspent rather than undertaxed.

What about fiscal 1984? This is the budget that Congress is mulling over right now. What is the spending total? Latest estimate: $858 billion. What did the tight-fisted Stockman propose in 1981? $758 billion. So you see projected spending for fiscal 1984 has increased by exactly $100 billion in two years. If the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and the TV networks have pointed this out, in the course of their endless lamentations over deficits, I am not aware of it.

If Budgets Were Strict . . .

There is another point to be made about these readily available but rarely discussed figures. Two years ago it was thought that inflation would be higher than it has in fact turned out to be. This means that spending has grown even more than it appears on paper. In a strictly budgeted world one would expect, in a time of declining inflation, that the 1984 budget would now involve lower dollar amounts than were thought necessary in 1981.

You may be thinking that increased defense spending explains the higher budget totals. Here are the figures. The last Carter budget—the one his OMB team completed shortly before leaving office in January 1981—proposed defense outlays of $238 billion to take effect in fiscal 1984. The current Capitol Hill reading on 1984 defense spending is: $240 billion. Reagan is spending on defense only what Jimmy Carter planned to spend.

What about the "fairness issue"—the latest code phrase for equality of result and the protection of all income-transfer programs from alteration. In his recent testimony before the Joint Economic Committee, Stockman complained of "misrepresentations of the truth," which he attributed to "professional purveyors of envy." When the lower inflation is taken into account, he said, the purchasing power of a family with no earned income but receiving means-tested federal welfare (food stamps, Aid to Families with Dependent Children, Medicaid) is actually higher in 1983 than President Carter had proposed. The number of people receiving food stamps under Reagan (22 million) is higher than under Carter (19 million).

Power of the Purse

There was some dissent within OMB about publicizing these figures. But eventually the view prevailed that it was more important for Stockman to refute the lie that he is "hurting the poor" than to maintain the pretense that OMB any longer has control over spending. Federal spending is now 25 per cent of GNP, up from 22.5 per cent in the year Reagan was elected.

Two years ago Representative James Jones (D., Okla.), the chairman of the House Budget Committee, wrote an article for the *Wall Street Journal* disagreeing with Administration budget totals and proposing a set of his own with different "assumptions." The Jones figures have turned out to be quite accurate (e.g., he said 1984 spending would be $853 billion). This tells us all we want to know. Congress now really does have "the power of the purse" with a vengeance. Congress today completely controls the budget. Therefore it is to blame for the deficits. Journalists have obscured this point by tactfully omitting spending totals from their stories.

The Reagan Administration *wants* to cut spending, but wanting something is not enough. It does not have the power to reduce spending, and such power will not be transferred to the executive branch in the foreseeable future. □

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Bonn Stays Put

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

WAS THE ALLIANCE ever truly united? As memory lengthens, so does the history of disunity. The sense of common danger was so strong in 1949 that the need to organize for the common safety was clearly perceived by all. (To be sure, at birth NATO did not have Germany as a member, nor Greece, nor Turkey.) Today a strange and frustrating atmosphere prevails. We could well be in a situation of incipient unity, but the components are out of phase.

Let me explain. True unity would imply that the Allies agreed: on the nature of the threat, on strategic goals, on tactical methods, on the kind of action required of each member. We are still a long way from that kind of unity, yet we are moving in the right direction. Or are we?

The United States offers: the President and his closest colleagues, among whom I include Judge Clark, Jeane Kirkpatrick, and William Casey. It also offers a variety of views, especially as to methods, but even as to goals (healthy and democratic, no doubt, but a luxury at times when firm action is required). And of course it offers an opinionated and obstructive House of Representatives determined at times to frustrate President Reagan's freedom of action in the conduct of foreign policy—soon, one may hope, to be brought to heel under the ruling by the Supreme Court that Congress cannot veto presidential decisions.

What does Britain offer? A determined prime minister, with a huge and safe parliamentary majority, boosted by last year's military triumph in a situation of marginal importance in a threatened world. It also offers a strengthened government, with a new and untested foreign secretary, Sir Geoffrey Howe, who knows relatively little about foreign affairs but showed himself a man of calm and dogged character as chancellor of the exchequer.

So far, to be frank, Britain's contribution to a strategy to meet the Soviet threat has been negligible, for reasons familiar to readers of this column. But the outlook is more promising.

France, as always, is *sui generis*, offering a president whose government harbors members of the Communist Party and whose socialist policies have with unprecedented speed led a rich and prospering country into deep economic trouble. A president whose words and actions on, say, El Salvador, bring aid and comfort to Cuba, and therefore to the USSR; but who, in his espousal of acceptance (by countries other than France) of the new American intermediate-range nuclear weapons, goes further than any other Western leader.

The Voters Speak

West Germany, contrary to the general view, is a real problem. When Helmut Schmidt's coalition fell late last year, hopes soared. Then came the March elections and a majority for the (conservative) Christian parties, the CDU and CSU, but only with the help of the liberals (FDP), who used to give Schmidt his majority, but who, by switching sides, now enable the new chancellor, Helmut Kohl, to govern.

The head of the FDP, Hans-Dietrich Genscher, was foreign minister under Schmidt. He is foreign minister under Kohl. The voters have spoken. Schmidt has fallen. A new government is in power. But Genscher has stayed put; and, with him, German foreign policy. Political expediency means that Kohl needs Genscher. If the latter had not switched sides last fall, Schmidt might have managed to struggle on. The political cookie might have crumbled into a different pattern.

The ideal candidate for a conservative foreign policy, for a very necessary change of course, was the veteran Bavarian leader, Franz Josef Strauss. For many years, Strauss has traveled the world, meeting its leaders, absorbing their problems. His knowledge of foreign affairs is unrivaled, at least in Germany. And he is clear-sighted about the nature of the Soviet threat.

The infighting began as soon as the election was over. Strauss wanted the foreign ministry, but Genscher wanted to keep it. Kohl offered Strauss the defense ministry, and Strauss turned it down. Some of us think he should have accepted the offer. After all, defense, especially in Germany, represents a major chunk of foreign affairs: relations with East Germany, with the Soviet Union, with the United States, with the rest of the Alliance.

Strauss had his reasons. Defense carried sour memories of the *Spiegel* affair of twenty years ago when Strauss had to step down as defense minister in the Adenauer government in a row over classified documents reproduced in that magazine. Moreover, Germany's financial situation had deteriorated fast in the last two years, and Strauss knew that he would have had to make some agonizing decisions about the defense budget, had he taken the job. He has been trying to influence foreign policy from outside and through discussions with the chancellor, but, so far at least, it simply isn't working.

No Changes with Genscher

For years, Genscher went along with the elaborate farce of détente. His favorite phrase was: "There is no alternative to détente." Now that the whole business has been exposed as a fraud, Genscher finds it difficult to contradict himself. Moreover, in a curious way, he appears still to believe in détente, as if the Soviets had not invaded Afghanistan, as if they had not imposed martial law on Poland, as if their weapons were not targeted on Germany.

Genscher wants to leave things exactly as they were. This means allowing East Germany to continue to overdraw on West German trade credits; supporting the SWAPO terrorists in Namibia; continuing development aid to the Sandinistas in Nicaragua; not sending an ambassador to El Salvador. He favors the Soviet line on the Helsinki Review Conference in Madrid, namely turning it into a European disarmament conference next November (which, of course, would create the perfect psychological climate for the deployment of the new American weapons, would it not?).

Looking further east, Genscher is against any export of German weapons to such deserving recipients as, say, Afghan resistance fighters, or Saudi Arabia, or Pakistan.

This is what I mean by "out of phase." Germany has a new government, but the same old policy. As regards the Soviet threat, it is exactly as if the Social Democrats were still in power. □

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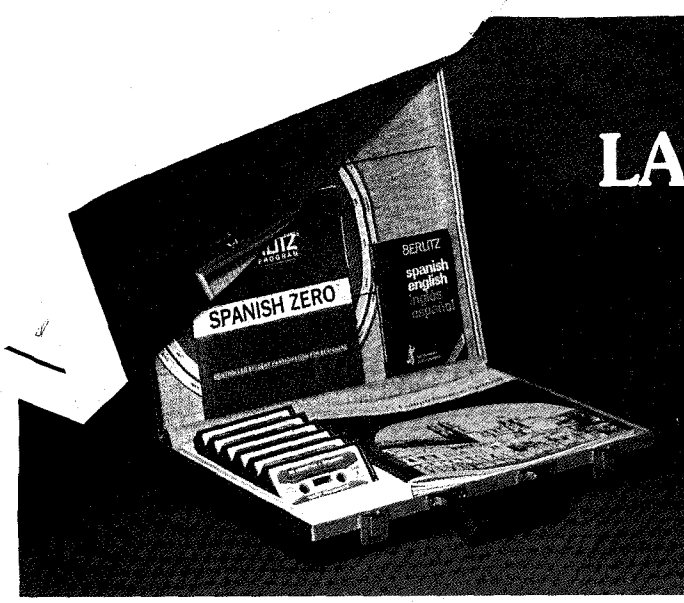

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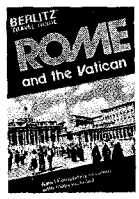

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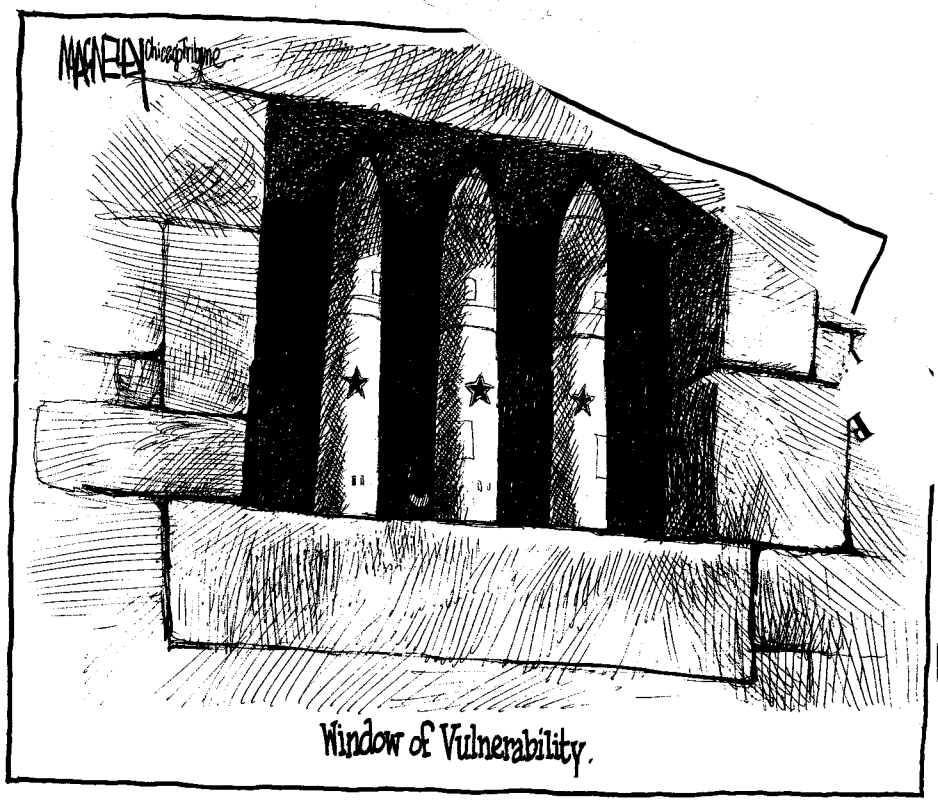

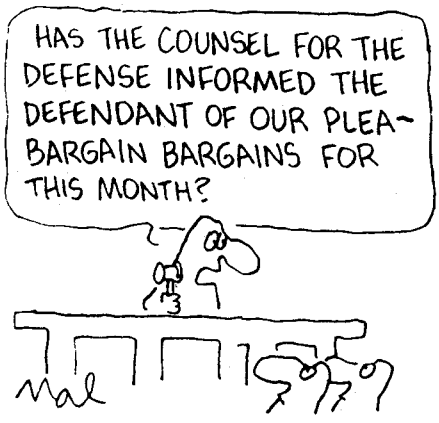

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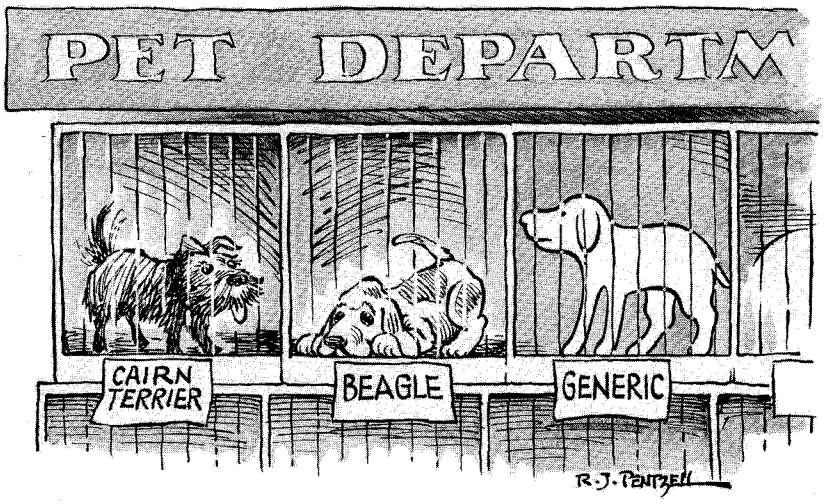
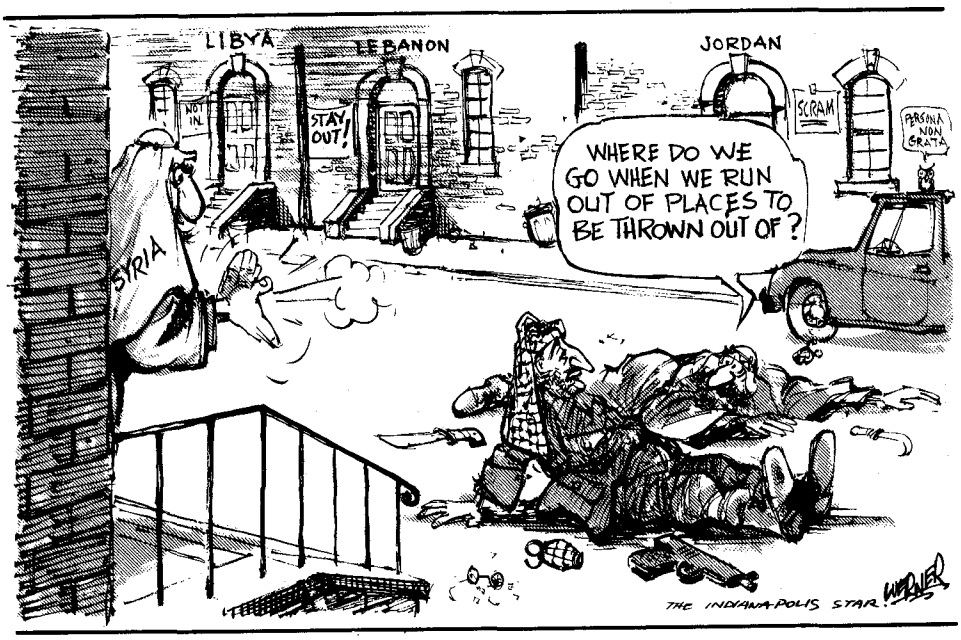
Building a Space House

Like children hooked on Tinker Toys,
The happy Russians fly
Huge modules into space to build
A platform in the sky.
When all this coolie work is done,
If you think, as some do,
It's just for picnicking in space,
Then you've gone cuckoo, too.

W. H. VON DREELE





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CONSERVATIVES AND EDUCATION

Conservatives itching to undo the damage caused by decades of educationism need to slow down, count to six, and stop shooting at the wrong targets

The Next Ten Years

LAWRENCE A. UZZELL

CONSERVATIVES LEARN slowly. It took conservative politicians more than a decade after Senator Taft's final defeat to learn how to win a Republican presidential nomination, and even longer to learn how to win a general election. It may take just as long for them to learn how to run the Federal Government, instead of letting it run them.

The most inexcusable failure to learn on the part of conservative politicians concerns education. The American conservative movement began in the academy, and conservative scholars have said a great many wise things about education over the last thirty years. But conservative political leaders have proved singularly inept at translating that wisdom into practical political strategies.

This activism gap is both startling and unique. With conservatives winning state-level ballot initiatives in every region of the country, there has been only one major education-related initiative in the last four years—a 1981 tuition-tax-credit proposal promoted by the National Taxpayers Union in the District of Columbia. Not one prominent conservative politician has sought to become to education issues what Jack Kemp is to taxes or Henry Hyde to abortion. When Ronald Reagan took office, the combined seniority of the four Democratic members of the Senate Education Subcommittee was 72 years; of the five Republicans, 19 years. The Reagan White House was the first in a generation not to have a single staffer working full time on education (although this situation has finally been remedied).

In an era of proliferating single-issue organizations, there is only a handful of education-related think tanks or lobbies that are conservative or hospitable to conservative ideas, and not one political-action committee. If the National Right to Work Committee, the Chamber of Commerce, and the National Association of Manufacturers were to disband, the balance of power between Left and Right in labor policy would become roughly what it is in education policy.

Thus, it is not surprising that the Left has controlled the initiative in education for most of the last two decades. During this period, the typical state education agency has tripled or quadrupled in size, to the point where many local school boards now find they have little practical influence on the most important decisions. Congress has enacted scores of new education programs and voted repeatedly to fund them regardless of their effects on academic achievement, which, when not trivial, are often harmful. Courts and regulatory agencies have succeeded in classifying school discipline, bilingual education, testing, and the autonomy of private schools as "civil rights" issues on which any dissent is ipso facto "racist."

A Long-Term Strategy

On many issues conservative politicians face the agonizing choice between doing what is right and doing what is popular. Fortunately, education is not one of them. Here are six precepts that should form the core of an attractive and effective long-term conservative strategy for education.

1. *Concentrate on elementary and secondary education.* Both grade-school and higher education in America are debased, but the decline of higher learning was not caused by government and will not be solved by government. State and federal control of colleges and universities is mild compared to the regulatory apparatus governing elementary and secondary schools. The only way to reform the colleges is from within—a task for conservative scholars acting as individuals, rather than for conservatism as a political movement.

Politics cannot cure some of the worst diseases of American elementary and secondary education: the Rousseauite anti-intellectualism that has flourished since the heyday of Horace Mann; the Chamber of Commerce mentality that sees schools mainly as vocational training centers. But sound politics is the only way to remove those ills caused by unsound politics. Every aspect of grade-school education, from textbook selection to teacher qualifications, is now distorted by external requirements that protect mediocrity. The repeal of such rules would bring immediate improvement.

2. *Emphasize consumer sovereignty.* There are many things wrong with the schools, from overly powerful teachers' unions to look-say methods of reading instruction. But the thread that links them all is government monopoly. It is this monopoly that forces parents to enroll their children in schools that they know are not as good as they used to be, not nearly as good as local private schools, and often brazenly hostile to the parents' religious and moral convictions.

Mr. Uzzell is president of LEARN, Inc., a research foundation specializing in education policy. He is a former employee of the U.S. House Education and Labor Committee, the U.S. Senate Education Subcommittee, and the U.S. Department of Education—none of which, in his opinion, should exist.

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There are only two other government services that restrict citizens' choices as narrowly as public education: the police and the military. Both have been considered "natural monopolies" under every Western regime since the end of feudalism. But almost every democracy in the world considers competition and pluralism to be natural to education. In European welfare states that are ideologically far more hostile to the private sector than the U.S., nongovernment schools commonly receive financial assistance from government.

If the government education monopoly in this country were to be broken by such means as vouchers and tuition tax credits, one large category of grievances would disappear almost immediately. Schools would have to stop acting as agents of change upon children whose parents are militantly opposed to change, or at least to the particular changes favored by whatever subculture happens to dominate the monopoly at the moment. Specialists in fields like "values clarification" would remain free to write textbooks attacking traditional morality, but these texts would no longer have a captive market.

Competition would also improve academic performance. One of the more delightful ironies in contemporary American education is that the masses are more elitist than the professionals. Even though their own quantitative research techniques have repeatedly confirmed common-sense intuitions about the importance of basic skills, grades, discipline, and homework, the professionals lack the will to apply these findings when they conflict with the ideology of "equality." An even richer irony is that the supposed beneficiaries of "equality" are precisely those groups which are most traditionalist in their educational preferences: blacks and Hispanics. For these groups, as for others, schools closer to parents' wants would also be closer to children's needs.

3. *Depoliticize the schools.* Education is particularly vulnerable to organized groups that attempt to harness it for extraneous purposes. The normal conservative instinct is to oppose such pressures, but lately this has changed. After years of helplessly watching their opponents use the schools as engines of feminism, pacifism, and collectivism, conservatives are tempted to say: Now it's our turn.

The temptation should be resisted. If conservative politicians really believe in "parental rights," then they must acknowledge that Unitarian socialists have as much right as Nicene capitalists to raise their children in accordance with their own vision. If they really believe that the political virtues depend on the moral and intellectual virtues, and not vice versa, then they must not encourage schools to substitute ideological tracts, or pseudo-disciplines like "free-enterprise education," for the classics. If they really believe that the Left has undermined the ability of schools to function by turning them into political battlefields, then they must practice the very restraint they rebuke the Left for abandoning.

4. *Do not seek excellence through regulation.* If the conservative movement continues to prosper, by the late 1980s many state and federal regulatory agencies will be controlled by bureaucrats who are conservatives themselves or who, at the least, cannot totally ignore the preferences of the conservatives who appointed them. These officials will inherit regulatory powers created by their predecessors, and they will see what, superficially, look like opportunities to use these powers in pursuit of academic excellence. But to use them would reinforce one of the most sterile, paralyzing developments of recent educational policy: legalism.

A Tyranny of Lawyers

This legalist incursion into the educational field encourages individuals to inflate their wants into "rights" and to form militant factions that thrive on crisis and conflict. It encourages everyone to look to outside agencies as the final arbiters, giving the greatest decision-making power to the parties most ignorant of local conditions. Where there should be variety, it promotes uniformity. Where there should be leadership, it promotes the spirit of bureaucratic compliance—making decisions "by the book." Where there should be clear lines of authority and responsibility, it substitutes an impersonal "system" that makes it harder than ever to hold anyone accountable for anything.

At the same time, the tyranny of lawyers cannot even produce the results for which it was invoked. The Left has been trying since the Sixties to mandate "finance equalization" between rich and poor school systems. Landmark court decisions found various states' school-financing systems to be in violation of those states' constitutions, and by the end of the Seventies at least 22 states had enacted "finance reform" statutes. Nevertheless, a 1979 Rand Corporation study found that "in general, instructional expenditures per pupil are no more equally distributed after reform than they were before."

I predict that conservative lawyers will prove equally ineffective whenever they pin their hopes on increased regulation. Suppose regulators started trying to enforce "patriotism" and "morality"

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as they now try to enforce "equity." Almost immediately the words "patriotism" and "morality" would start appearing in the press releases and grant proposals of every group that used to mention "poverty" and "civil rights." Over time these words would lose all useful meaning and simply become synonyms for "what my faction wants." Conservative regulators would quickly learn that short, simple regulations produce little beyond token compliance, so they would start writing detailed, complicated regulations. Eventually they would require just as much red tape as the liberals they replaced—and they would still get only token compliance.

5. *Build coalitions.* The three subcultures least receptive to conservative ideas are journalists, academics, and blacks. Some issues, like capital punishment, allow conservatives to woo one of these groups while further alienating the others. Education is the only issue where conservative views appeal to all three. As Christopher Lasch observed a few years ago, black parents have "clung to what seems today an old-fashioned—from the point of view of educational innovation, a hopelessly reactionary—conception of education." They know that the last thing their children need is schooling that does not demand discipline and achievement.

Let Parents Decide

Academics and journalists are more sympathetic in principle to innovation, but they are just as harsh as blacks in judging innovations that fail. Every professor who has had to turn his literature seminar into a remedial composition class, every reporter who has had to interpret the prose of the typical state education agency, is a potential recruit for the cause of reform.

Under Title I of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act, Washington has spent billions of dollars on "compensatory education" for lower-income children. Most of this money has gone to government-run schools that have proved unable or unwilling to educate precisely these children, the ones who have the most catching up to do. But Democratic congressional leaders talk about Title I as if it were a civil-rights program: They say it is anti-black to cut education spending. President Reagan could meet this challenge head-on by emphasizing his own recent proposal to convert Title I into a voucher system, so that lower-income parents can use the money to transfer their children from government schools to private schools. Even without such aid, nearly a third of the students in inner-city parochial elementary schools are black Protestants, mostly from families earning less than $15,000 a year. The difference between the President and his congressional critics is that the latter do not trust black parents to make intelligent decisions about their children's schooling. The President should say so; many nonconservatives would join him.

6. *Avoid wasting energy on symbolic issues.* The U.S. Department of Education has several principal elements: a hundred-odd programs, ranging from museum services to student loans; a staff of about five thousand employees to administer more than 1,500 pages of laws and regulations; and a Secretary. The last is the newest and least important of these elements, but for the past three years conservatives have been talking about "abolishing" the secretaryship as if it were identical to abolishing the department. One conservative senator wants to disperse the department's programs and staff among half a dozen other federal agencies; a key member of the House wants to bring them back into the Department of Health and Human Services. It would take a herculean effort on Capitol Hill to enact any of these proposals, and any of them would leave intact all the federal activities that conservatives have fought since the early 1960s.

Distracted by these and other secondary issues in education, the White House made only modest progress in 1981 toward reducing the number of federal education programs—and no progress in 1982. Earlier this year the President actually proposed creating a new program in the Department of Education, implicitly accepting the claim that the solution to abysmal math and science teaching is more federal money rather than fewer state regulations. Recently the Reagan-appointed—but establishment-dominated—National Commission on Excellence in Education further muddied the waters by uncritically endorsing the current array of federal education programs and ignoring the issue of consumer sovereignty.

A Receptive Climate

In state capitals and in Washington, conservatives should focus not on the symbolic status of education bureaucracies, but on their power. Conservatives should judge each legislative proposal by the extent to which it restores real decision-making power to local school boards and to individual families. They should put more effort into enacting block grants, the fastest practical step along this path; they should also recognize that it is only the first step. When deregulation and decentralization have reached the point where the only part of the Department of Education that deals with elementary and secondary schools is the National Center for Education Statistics, then conservatives should start working to abolish the secretaryship—and only then.

Unfortunately, presidential leadership will be essential to formulate and carry out a conservative strategy based on these six precepts. I say "unfortunately" because in an ideal world the White House would have practically nothing to do with education. But if conservative Presidents act as if that world already existed, they in effect help guarantee that it never will.

Twenty years ago, John F. Kennedy knew that the 88th Congress would never accept his proposals for a massive new federal role in education. But he also knew that he could prepare the way for future breakthroughs only by going out of his way to challenge the status quo. Like Kennedy, Ronald Reagan has both a receptive intellectual climate and a constituency hungry for leadership. It is not too late for him to start leading. □

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THE CROATIAN CONNECTION

Behind the headlines, how does terrorism actually work? Here is a case history of one terrorist operation, and what it has done to the Croatian community in America

Look Homeward, Terrorist

RICHARD BROOKHISER

TERRORISTS ARE wicked—of course. But we also think of them, in moments of moral inattention, as noble. Their very fanaticism betokens a perverted purity of heart. They maim and murder—but not for base motives.

The story that follows is about the base side of terrorism—the side that is not only violent and vicious, but sordid and mean. It concerns a group of soi-disant nationalists making their pitch to a hyphenated community in the United States. Their declared goal was the same as Gandhi's or Garibaldi's—to free the homeland from foreigners. In pursuit of it, they threatened, bombed, murdered—and missed, sometimes comically.

But—funny thing about these patriots—their targets, almost without exception, were fellow countrymen, often (nonviolent) nationalists; their only positive achievement was extorting money; and there is reason to suspect that a Communist government, their nominal enemy, egged them on.

Where the Line Is Drawn

Croatia sits in the northwestern corner of Yugoslavia. The four million Croatians who live there constitute the second largest ethnic group in the country. Only Serbs are more numerous. That is the problem.

What separates them is the line between Central and Eastern Europe. Croatians use the Latin alphabet; Serbs use the Cyrillic (the languages are basically the same). Croatians are Catholic; Serbs are Orthodox. Historically, Croatia has been ruled by Venice, Hungary, the Habsburgs; while Serbia has coped with Byzantines and Turks.

After World War I, the map makers stuffed both peoples into Yugoslavia. They wasted no time getting along. When Germany attacked Yugoslavia in 1941, Croatia cast its lot with the invaders. Thousands of Serbs were murdered; four years later, Tito paid the Croatians back with interest.

The Croatian community in the United States has, to a great extent, held aloof from these feuds. In other countries Croatians might attack Yugoslavian buildings and diplomats, or be targeted by the Udba (as the Yugoslavian secret police is nicknamed). But the American community—a million strong—was placid, inward-looking, invisible. In New York, Chicago, Milwaukee, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Croatians worked hard, refused welfare, and raised families that would do George Gilder proud.

There were some spectacular exceptions. In September 1976, five Croatians hijacked a TWA airliner and took it on a wild ride from New York to Paris, strewing anti-Yugoslavian leaflets in their path. No one on the plane was hurt, but a New York City police officer died disarming a bomb the Croatians had left in a locker in Grand Central Terminal. Two years later, more bombs were discovered in Grand Central and at the UN. For a few uncharacteristic days, Croatia occupied the spotlight.

Pay Up—or Pay the Consequences

These were, and were intended to be, front-page stories: dynamite demonstrations, gun-point patriotism. Throughout the summer of 1978, however, American Croatians received a different kind of nationalistic appeal.

Beginning in June, members of the Croatian community began receiving photocopied letters stating that they had not done enough for the Croatian cause, that they "must send" money (a blank, with an amount filled in—$2,500 to $25,000) to a post-office box in Paraguay, and that those who failed to do so would pay (unspecified) consequences.

Consequences began happening almost immediately. September 28, a Croatian letter-recipient was shot and killed outside his house in Greenburgh, New York. October 4, a bomb went off in the south Chicago cabinet-making shop of another. November 22, in Los Angeles, Krizan Brkic, a third recipient, was gunned down on his way to work.

Croatians, especially politically active ones, often balk at talking to American authorities. Their reasoning is simple, if mistaken: Law-enforcement agencies are part of the government; so is the State Department. For three decades, the State Department has been on good terms with Yugoslavia. Therefore, the American legal system must work hand-in-glove with Belgrade.

Hence word of the extortion letters was slow in getting out. But the murders loosened Croatian tongues. Two months into the new year, an FBI agent went to the Sacred Heart Church in Milwaukee to talk to Father Timothy Majic, who had denounced the letters in a Croatian paper he edited. They met in Majic's office in the elementary school belonging to the church. Majic went through his mail, and as he opened a book—*The Complete Science Fiction Treasury of H. G. Wells*—the agent noticed a wire under the covers. The book contained, in its hollowed-out center, a stick of dynamite, a battery, and a blasting cap, all connected by looped insulated wires. If the book was opened all the way—to "The Time Machine"—the wires would

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stretch until their naked ends came in contact. The agent told the priest to close it, took it outside, and put it in a snowbank. A Milwaukee policeman lost part of a hand disarming it. There had been 150 children in the school at the time.

The package was postmarked Akron, Ohio. Later that week, a similar package, also from Akron, arrived in the post-office box of a Croatian publisher in Queens, New York. Joseph Badurina was a friend of Father Majic's and had gotten a warning call from him three days before. Badurina summoned the FBI, who found another Time *machine infernale*.

In April, the bombers abandoned books. A car and a house, belonging to two letter-receivers in Los Angeles, were destroyed by pipe bombs. The following month, two would-be bombers died arming their weapon seventy feet from the Los Angeles home of yet another recipient.

Young Turks

The killings changed the FBI's perception of what was happening. They had begun with an extortion case, but at a meeting of agents in Chicago in November 1978 they concluded that they were also dealing with a full-fledged terrorist operation.

The sudden rash of violence had followed a change in the politics of the Croatian-American community in the mid-Seventies. Superficially, Croatians had become more unified. In 1974, the Croatian National Congress, an international group with ten thousand members, had held its first meeting. Both Father Majic and Joseph Badurina were active members.

At the same time, however, the ideology of Croatian-Americans had begun to fragment. The cause was an influx of new immigrants rolling in from Yugoslavia in the early Seventies. The members of this new generation hankered for direct action and were often more left-wing than their elders. They had been "raised under the Tito system," explains Ivo Vucicevic, a Croatian radio broadcaster in San Francisco. "They wanted freedom, but they had never been exposed to it."

In the mid-Seventies, the new wave collided with an existing Croatian nationalist group, Odpor ("resistance"); the young Turks changed the second letter of the name to "t." The TWA hijacking put them on the map; the leaders of the team were Otpor members.

One of the first Croatians who seemed likely to give the FBI a solid lead was a former Odpor member, Branko Kujundzic. In the Fifties Kujundzic had left Yugoslavia for Paris, where he dabbled in some revolutionary plotting of his own. His group, he recalls, swore secrecy and claimed to have headquarters in Croatia. "We lie a little bit. To impress people." Among the people he impressed and befriended—in France, and in this country after he moved here in 1962—were two young men, Ante Caran and Peter Stambuk, who will appear again. Kujundzic became president of the New York Odpor chapter, and resisted the Otpor tide in 1974. One Croatian, he remembers, who urged New Yorkers to go along was an Otpor member from Chicago, Ante Ljubas. Four years later, when the FBI first approached Kujundzic (along with dozens of other Croatians), he was 44 years old, and a bartender in San Mateo.

The FBI, as it happened, had heard of one of his acquaintances already. In March 1975, Ohio police had arrested a quite non-Croatian crook, Louis Almeida, on his way from Chicago to Pittsburgh. Almeida had in his possession a gun, a silencer, and the name of an official of a Croatian benevolent association, whom he said he had been hired to kill—by one Ante Ljubas. Almeida, who agreed to cooperate with the Justice Department on other cases, was prosecuted only for possession of weapons. No indictment was filed against Ljubas.

Like most Croatians, Branko Kujundzic was suspicious of the FBI at first. At the same time, he could see that the people being endangered and killed were Croatians. He let agents talk to him in his bar. "Nothing official—look at this girl, look at these legs."

A Step in the Right Direction

After a short lull, the bombings resumed. From December 1979 to June 1980, six bombs were planted in a variety of targets, including the Statue of Liberty and a Yugoslavian bank overlooking the St. Patrick's Day parade route in New York City.

In November, Branko Kujundzic went to New York to meet some of his old friends. No one told him anything—until he talked to Peter Stambuk. Kujundzic had once employed Stambuk and was the godfather of his children. Now Stambuk was depressed and upset. "You teach me to do these things," Kujundzic remembers being told. "I want to put it on your chest." Stambuk, in his cups, said there was going to be another attempt to kill Joseph Badurina.

On November 18, a white van with two men inside took up a position on the route between Badurina's home and his daughter's school. The passengers unscrewed the van's back window and replaced it with a cardboard screen (so as not to shoot through glass). They stayed from 8:20 to 9:00 A.M.—school time—with the engine running. Badurina

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had been warned to change his usual routes; now the FBI ordered him not to leave the house.

Three times over the next three weeks the white van came back. On December 12, the FBI struck. Six men were arrested, and a seventh was followed as far as Colony Street in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where he was lost.

But Colony Street was the address of another known activist, and, as it happened, an old friend of Kujundzic's—Ante Caran. When the FBI went to Caran's house, they found 22 pounds of dynamite, a machine gun with eight hundred rounds, and assorted other weapons.

We come now to one of the most interesting points of the story, an incident more suited to a novelist's skills than to a reporter's. Halfway through their trial, one of Caran's fellow prisoners told him that there was a plan afoot to kill Branko Kujundzic. Ante Caran was no humanitarian—rather an impulsive, violent man. But he had known Kujundzic for twenty years. Caran passed the word on to his lawyer.

After one step in the right direction, he seemed willing to take more. Kujundzic flew east again to talk to his old friend. But there was a problem, something holding Caran back. He finally confessed what it was—he was the murderer of Krizan Brkic.

This was, strictly speaking, an unnecessary confession. No one had suspected him of that crime, and there was nothing to link him to it. Except, perhaps, Caran's long-dormant conscience.

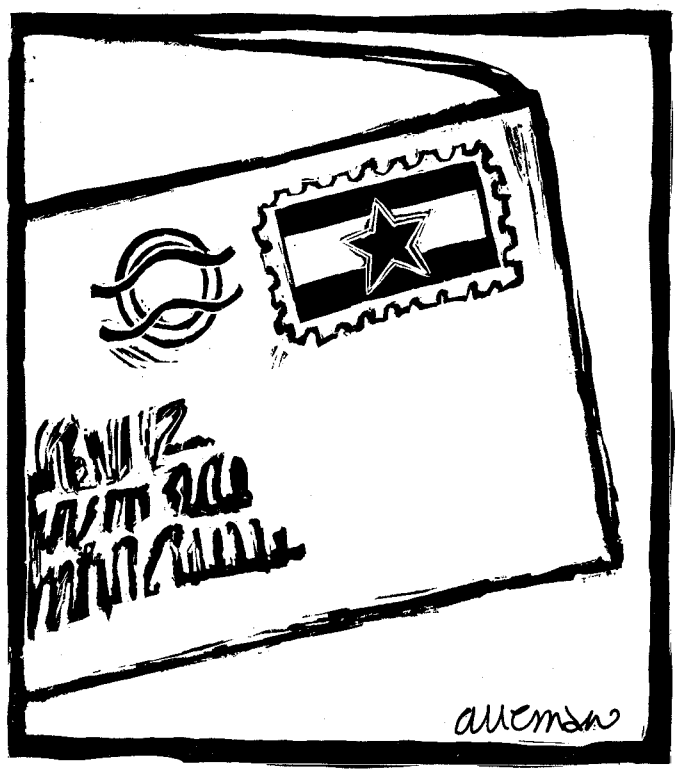
Coming Clean

While Kujundzic had been crossing and recrossing the continent, the FBI had been unraveling one other crucial thread of the story, in the Bay Area and in the Midwest. Andrija Skrabo was a machinist, just turned thirty. He had met Ante Caran in 1973, and had taken to him instantly. "I know people from his village," he explains. "I know they good Croatians."

But the death of Brkic had unsettled him, and Branko Kujundzic thought Skrabo might be worth talking to. The FBI offered him immunity from prosecution, provided he had not injured anyone. Skrabo, for his part, went to Milwaukee to talk to two friends, Mike and Veljko Jaksic. "I didn't want friends of mine on one side, me on other." The Jaksices agreed to come clean along with Skrabo.

Together, the stories of Caran, Skrabo, and the Jaksic brothers sketched a conspiracy stretching over two countries and four years. The prime movers, by their accounts, were Ante Ljubas and a younger man, Ranko Primorac. The circumstances of Primorac's arrival in this country were curious. He claimed to have had problems in Yugoslavia for trying to desert from the military in 1968. Yet, according to the FBI, he was given an exit visa, which was renewed twice. In 1975, he appeared in California, where he joined two local Croatian soccer clubs, and never held any apparent job.

For four years, Caran and his young friends had run errands for these men and their associates, carting weapons and ammunition up and down the West Coast and across the country. And into the country. In May 1977, Caran and Mike Jaksic had driven with Ante Ljubas to Elliott Lake in Ontario—uranium-mining country—where they had picked up a load of dynamite.



On occasion, the couriers used their weapons, or tried to. In January 1977, Skrabo and Veljko Jaksic were sent to bomb a house in Pittsburgh. "It was snowing like crazy," Skrabo remembers. "The car had problem with lights. You could see nothing." Perhaps for that reason, they deposited the bomb on the wrong street, three miles from the house they were after.

The apprentice terrorists heard, finally, about the extortion scheme. A year before the letters went out, Ljubas told Skrabo, "We going to send a letter to the bad Croatians." After the murder of Brkic, Primorac told Caran: "Now we going to have money."

Their accounts were bolstered by the stories of other people, unknown to them, and by physical evidence. There was Louis Almeida, arrested six years earlier. There were hotel registers and speeding tickets to mark their travels. There were the bombs in Grand Central and the UN, made of dynamite traceable, by brand name and date shift code, to the Denison Mine—in Elliott Lake, Ontario.

In June 1981, the government made further arrests. One year later, after a three-month trial, Ljubas, Primorac, and two others were found guilty of racketeering and conspiracy for the purpose of racketeering. Two more defendants were found guilty of conspiracy (four defendants were acquitted). The judge handed out sentences ranging from twenty to forty years. On April 14, 1983, the Court of Appeals sustained all the convictions. (The Supreme Court has been petitioned to review the cases.)

Picking Up the Pieces

So the patriots turned out to be terrorists. Were they even patriots?

At best, colossally inept ones. The only people specifically targeted for murder were fellow Croatians, many of them

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IN GULAG

Dostoevsky behind Barbed Wire

EVGENII VAGHIN

IT HAPPENED just as in Dostoevsky's novels, just as swiftly and unexpectedly, a life-shattering experience. I was secretary of the editorial group preparing the complete works of Dostoevsky for publication. On the morning of February 14, 1967, when our group met as usual at the Institute of Russian Literature in Leningrad, a visiting American scholar invited me to have dinner with him at his hotel to discuss certain aspects of the project. I accepted his invitation and, that evening, in the nearly empty restaurant of the hotel, we became the target of a drunk's importunings. Tired of his game, we decided to continue our talk in my friend's room. Later that night I was shadowed all the way home, but knowing that in our land such attention is commonly bestowed on foreign visitors, especially Americans, and on their friends, I did not let it bother me. The next day I was to give a lecture on Dostoevsky and Marcel Proust at the institute, and so I went to bed right away.

I was awakened earlier than usual the following morning by strange sounds in our communal apartment (my wife, who at the time was in a clinic awaiting the birth of our baby, and I occupied a room no larger than 140 square feet; five more families lived in adjoining rooms). There was a faint knock on the door, and then the shaky voice of a neighbor: "A telegram for you . . ." I unlocked the door without even getting out of bed, and our crowded little room was instantly filled with people. "Hands up!" A pistol was pointed at me; the KGB officer was obviously dead serious. "You're under arrest, here is the prosecutor's warrant."

There was no surprise in this for me; sooner or later it had to happen. But for my colleagues and co-workers at the institute it was a different story. When (as I later heard) the director of the institute, pale and trembling, announced to the audience that the lecturer had been arrested, my would-be listeners began to leave in silence without so much as a glance at one another. Many of them remembered the 1930s only too well.

Of course, my arrest had nothing to do with Dostoevsky, or even with my contact with a foreigner—although either of those would have been, until recently, reason enough. The fact was that for three years I had been one of the leaders of an underground anti-Communist organization known by its Russian initials, VSKhSON.*

Thus, abruptly, my academic career was broken off. Not so my interest in Dostoevsky, which continued to grow during the years spent away from familiar academic surroundings. I dare say providence put me in a unique position; as I followed in the footsteps of the great Russian writer, new perspectives emerged that allowed me a more profound understanding of Dostoevsky's message. While I make no attempt at any comparison between us, it was my lot to repeat, to a certain extent, Dostoevsky's experience.

After more than six decades of Communism, the Russians remain the same believing people as in Dostoevsky's time

I was 29 years old at the time of my arrest; Dostoevsky was 29 when he was arrested in 1849. The grounds for our imprisonment were quite similar too: the author of *Poor Folk* wasn't arrested for his literary activity, but for belonging to an underground organization. Like him, I spent eight years in captivity—only not in Siberia, but in Mordovia (called the "European Siberia" by today's political prisoners). The conditions I found myself in—a camp of strict regime for political prisoners—did differ greatly from Dostoevsky's fortress-prison, which he subsequently described in *Memoirs from the House of the Dead*. Yet in this twentieth-century camp I came face to face with a number of people who could have stepped out of the pages of Dostoevsky's novels directly into camp life, "perhaps the strongest, and, in one way or another, the most gifted of our people," as he put it in *Memoirs from the House of the Dead*.

It was in his Siberian prison that Dostoevsky underwent his well documented, if not so well understood, spiritual transformation. From a young radical member of a socialist circle, influenced by an atheistic environment, he became a confirmed believer in authority and the established order of things. It is here, deprived of his liberty, that he came to know the Russian people, laying bare their soul in his post-prison works—*Crime and Punishment*, *The Idiot*, *The Possessed*, *A Raw Youth*, *The Brothers Karamazov*. Even now, in order to grasp the Russian soul, a reader in the West could do no better than to read Dostoevsky. After more than six decades of Communism and terror, the Russians remain essentially the same believing people as in Dostoevsky's time, keeping God deep in their hearts. I became personally convinced of this during my years in the Mordovian camp.

Today many people languishing in Soviet labor camps embody the voices that resound in Dostoevsky's polyphonic world. Very little is known or written in the world's press about these astonishing men who suffer and bear their cross. Yet they best exemplify the Russian people of today, my "brethren in misfortune," whose portraits I wish to sketch.

Since 1976 Mr. Vaghin and his family have lived in Rome, where he works for Radio Vatican and is assistant director of the Gogol Russian Library. In 1981 he became co-editor of the "second Veche," *a quarterly published in Munich. This article was translated from the Russian by Nadja Jernakoff.*

*VSKhSON—the All-Russian Social-Christian Union for the Liberation of the People—was founded by Mr. Vaghin and three other men in 1964. His arrest and the breaking up of the organization came when one of its members denounced it to the KGB. Another of the founders, Igor Ogurtsov, was sentenced to 15 years in labor camp, followed by five years of internal exile; he is still alive, serving his term of exile, although his health is very poor.

For more details on the amazing rise, work, and demise of VSKhSON see John B. Dunlop's *The New Russian Revolutionaries* (Nordland, 1976).

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The poet Valentin Sokolov and the talented painter Yuri Ivanov-Sivers became close friends of mine. Artistically gifted, these men were endowed with an extraordinary understanding of human nature.

Sokolov would sign his poems Valentin Z/K (i.e., "ze-ka," which in Russian means "prisoner"). Accused of writing poems of "anti-Soviet content," he spent his youth, his health, and two decades of his life behind barbed wire. Resembling outwardly the wild and sullen Parfyon Rogozhin in *The Idiot*, he revealed his sensitive soul in strikingly lyrical poetry. These were not simple camp poems, but the creation of a true poet, translating his own bitter experience into a truly individual artistic form. Chaotic at first glance, like Dostoevsky's novels, the poems of Valentin Z/K were imbued with inner harmony and profound meaning. His tragedy, which even Dostoevsky had not imagined, was to be condemned to create in a labor camp.

When I met Ivanov-Sivers, he was in his 14th year of captivity, imposed because of his long-standing opposition to socialist realism. Freed at last, he was re-arrested almost immediately and sent to a psychiatric clinic, where he still remains. Ivanov-Sivers is known in the West for the realistic portraits of political prisoners he surreptitiously painted in camp. Some of these found their way abroad; many others, among them a portrait of Dostoevsky, were destroyed during the periodic searches. A man of great erudition in literature, art, music, history, he could in a few sentences describe any situation, evaluate any character. His rich artistic nature accommodated the polarities of Dostoevsky's characters, the pride of Stavrogin together with the meekness of Prince Myshkin, for example. He knew his Dostoevsky through and through and was especially attuned, as well befits an experienced *zek*, to the nuances of "underground" psychology in Dostoevsky's heroes.

Life in camp has its rewards. The discovery of spiritually compatible souls among "the people" and a calculated rapprochement with them have often been described by writers both of fiction and of nonfiction. Endless literary conversations take place behind barbed wire, not always scholarly analyses, but rather reflections of one's own spiritual experience. At these discussions, Dostoevsky and his heroes are invariably present. But far from accepting blindly the whole of Dostoevsky (idolatry is foreign to those who think freely behind barbed wire), a *zek* accords him a completely original, often fanciful, appreciation and regards him as an equal. That, I think, is the greatest accolade of all. Such was the way of Ivanov-Sivers.

As one becomes acquainted with Marxism from within, it is well-nigh impossible not to become disenchanted with it

The name of Yuri Khramtsov should be of special interest to American readers. In the early Fifties, following a show-trial with journalists present, he received a 25-year term as an American spy. His road to martyrdom had begun shortly after World War II when, at the height of the cold war, working for American counter-intelligence, he and a companion were parachuted in somewhere in the Urals to gather information. The companion, however, lost no time in turning himself over to the authorities, but not before demonstrating his "loyalty" by firing several shots at Khramtsov. Miraculously, Khramtsov survived, but he remains an invalid.

Several things sustained Khramtsov during his years of ceaseless suffering: his passionate love of Russian literature, especially Dostoevsky, whom he read over and over again, and his dual faith. In camp Khramtsov became a deeply religious man, and, along with his strong faith in God, he retained his faith in America as the bastion of freedom in the world. He steadily looked for some kind of help, for he considers himself—rightly or wrongly, I don't know—an American citizen. His 25-year term finally over, Khramtsov began petitioning for an exit visa to America, but his persistence led him to trial again in the spring of 1980, this time for violation of passport laws, and he was once more thrown into prison camp, as a common criminal, where he remains today.

The believers, together with those who come to believe while serving time, make up a special camp category of "Dostoevsky types." I knew well E. Pashnin-Speransky, a fiery nihilist akin to Kirillov in *The Possessed* or Kraft in *A Raw Youth*, who, reading Dostoevsky in camp, became just as fiery a believer, pointing an accusing finger at the camp administrators for their atheism.

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For this he was thrown into solitary more than once.

How well I remember Demian B., a modern-day "fool in Christ," stoically serving his 25 years. Or Mina Bogatyriev, who reminded me so much of Makar Dolgoruky in *A Raw Youth*. Bogatyriev was sentenced to seven years for "anti-Soviet propaganda" (this in the "liberalized" conditions under Khrushchev). He had walked the length and breadth of Russia, clandestinely preaching the word of God, not in the streets and squares, but in tiny underground rooms on the outskirts of the towns. Or the Christian believers of the Church of the Catacombs, the monks and laymen of this forbidden sect. All of them knew and loved the works of Dostoevsky, perceiving him as a great Christian. One is often startled to hear their unexpected interpretations of his works. Indeed, a true believer views Dostoevsky quite differently from someone who is merely a scholar.

The reader might be wondering how books by Dostoevsky could have found their way inside the camps. In the 1960s, after the "thaw" of Khrushchev's years, the strictness and cruelty of the labor camps were, to some degree, diminished. For those not lucky enough to be rehabilitated, certain privileges were nonetheless permitted, among them receiving books from home (with a detour across the censor's desk, to be sure). This liberal state of affairs did not last long; nevertheless, a fair number of books did get inside the camps. These books were passed on from prisoners at the end of their term to others left behind. With one such book I couldn't part, however, and, sinful man that I am, took it with me when my eight-year term came to an end. The book was *Memoirs from the House of the Dead*. I even managed to bring it with me to the West.

It is hard to believe that in the Soviet Union it is considered criminal to belong to a Marxist group whose members meet to read and interpret the "classics"—Marx, Engels, Lenin. The problem is, these groups do not merely accept the official interpretations of these works; hence a large number of dissident Marxists populate the camps, having been sent there for "re-education" and "reform." As a rule, however, what happens to them behind barbed wire is a process of spiritual re-evaluation straight out of Dostoevsky, and it is a rare man who remains true to Marxism *after* camp. This process parallels the conversion of Shatov, one of the heroes of *The Possessed*, a path that took him from atheistic nihilism to a complete rejection of it, fueled by a newly found thirst for God (and culminating in his murder at the hands of his ex-comrade-revolutionaries). As one becomes acquainted with Marxism from within, it is well-nigh impossible not to become disenchanted with it, and only another absolute value can then fill the spiritual vacuum.

One of the most striking examples of such a conversion is that of Vladimir Osipov. Arrested as the founder of one of those illegal neo-Marxist groups at the University of Moscow, he became, in his seven years in the camps, an Orthodox Christian and a confirmed Russian patriot. Again Dostoevsky appeared in the foreground, for Osipov's favorite reading in the camps was a pre-revolutionary edition of *Diary of a Writer*, a book miraculously obtained and carefully concealed from the guards.

After his release, Osipov founded the *samizdat* periodical called *Veche*, in which, among other pieces dealing with the history of Russia, philosophy, and literature, he published some interesting material on Dostoevsky, seen through the prism of his camp experience. Such "unhealthy" interest in Dostoevsky and Russia's past could not long be tolerated by the authorities, and very soon Vladimir Osipov was back in prison camp, accused this time of "anti-Soviet activities." His term is not yet over.

In Dostoevsky Osipov admired above all the polemicist. In an interview granted to the *Baltimore Sun* in April 1972, Osipov referred to Dostoevsky as a "profound national thinker," as well as a "universal genius of world literature."

As for myself, there was no need to change my views concerning Dostoevsky in the camps, although in the situation in which I found myself, surrounded by the best representatives of our people, my own perception of his writings deepened and sharpened. The program of our organization, the All-Russian Social-Christian Union, had been inspired precisely by the ideas proclaimed by Dostoevsky and other Christian thinkers. Rereading Dostoevsky behind barbed wire served to reinforce our faith in our ideals and in that freedom which the great Russian writer never ceased to uphold. □

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    as we drive from coast to coast
      to America let us drink a toast.

—Jon Stefan

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The Pope in Poland

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

MANY PEOPLE in the West who attentively followed Pope John Paul's journey to Poland are puzzled about what he did, or didn't, accomplish. The Pope's trip to the national shrine of Jasna Gora and other holy places was termed a "pilgrimage," a purely spiritual mission. In fact, the Church's effort to divest the trip of any political significance was in vain, for the simple reason that a fully developed, mature, and complex religion involves man as a whole, and therefore cannot be entirely apolitical. A teaching Church, possessing ethical principles, cannot close its eyes to political realities. Under certain circumstances it must speak out on political issues.

And, indeed, the Pope's journey did have great national significance. The monastery of Jasna Gora is a symbol of Polish unity and resistance to foreign encroachment and domination. (The ancient Byzantine icon of the Virgin bears the mark of a Swedish saber.) It was in this religious setting that the Pope pronounced the beatification of three Poles —a nun and two friars, missionaries to the Ukraine, who had resisted Russian rule in the nineteenth century. Polish history is so intrinsically connected with Church history that even the purely spiritual aspects of the Pope's speeches had an historical context. And history is, after all, recorded politics.

Historical Enemies

Just by stating certain basic principles, the Pope inevitably became political. When he spoke about the necessity of preserving human dignity and freedom, the crowds burst into enthusiastic applause. Again and again, banners with *Solidarnosc* written in large red letters were raised, and the Pontiff frequently, even if indirectly, referred to the suppression of the trade union. Politically speaking, the Pope's visit was a calculated risk for both sides, and each side expected to gain from it. Who then will be the winner? This is a difficult question and it will be some time before the answer is clear.

The political highlights of the trip were the Pope's conference, lasting nearly two hours, with Cardinal Glemp, General Jaruzelski, and the nominal head of state, Henryk Jablonski; and a later tête-à-tête between John Paul and Jaruzelski. Both of these meetings were private, and no communiqués were issued, but we can make a pretty shrewd guess that neither the Polish Catholics nor the Polish Communists were beating about the bush. The Polish Catholic does have one advantage, however, in that he can be both fully Catholic and fully Polish, whereas the Polish Communist is conscious of his subservience to an alien power.

The crowds, estimated at between one and two million, who attended the public appearances of the Pope were no surprise to the government—and it is quite possible, ironically, that this gives it a trump card in its dealings with the Kremlin. Jaruzelski now can claim that, "unfortunately," the Pope captured the hearts and minds of the Polish people and that, to ensure order and a viable economy, he needs the full collaboration of the Church. If the Soviets want the sixth largest country in Europe to be a going concern, they must come to terms with the dominant position the Catholic Church holds there. John Paul once referred to his country's "geopolitical predicament," and we may be sure that in their meetings Jaruzelski stressed his own dependence on Moscow. The general realizes he operates between the Devil and the Deep—between the Kremlin and the Vatican, two historical enemies.

The Pope, meanwhile, said two things that earned him the unequivocal gratitude of Poland's rulers. While invoking Saint Hedwig and the necessity for Poles and Germans to get along together, he insisted on the Polish character of certain territory that East Germany still claims. Also, he exhorted the people to be peaceful, to work hard, and thus to raise their living standards. At the Pope's departure, Jablonski, chairman of the Council of State, emphasized that the cultural and moral life of the country cannot flourish without economic solvency; the Pope was undoubtedly implored to seek the lifting of economic restrictions by the West.

Meanwhile, what is likely to be the fate of Solidarity? We still know nothing about the Pope's private talk with Lech Walesa, a meeting the government itself arranged. That the Pope sympathizes with Solidarity is evident. Will Solidarity be permitted to resume its activities? I doubt it. What seems more probable is that a new organization will take its place, one completely state-controlled, which may enjoy a limited independence. And, as the Pope strongly urges, steps must be taken to restore the agricultural viability of the country by restoring some independence to the small farmers.

A 'Finlandized' Poland?

Looking further ahead, many people envision for Poland a sort of limited "Finlandization"—which, from the Eastern perspective, would mean *less* Soviet domination. A Communist government permitting far-reaching political and social liberties is not unthinkable. Such a development would have taken place in Czechoslovakia in 1968, had the Soviets not intervened by force. Certainly a Czechoslovakia under Dubcek would have remained within the Warsaw Pact, as would a quasi-Finlandized Poland. And what is the difference between Poland and Czechoslovakia that would persuade the Soviets to react differently this time? It is that Poland has a solidly Christian population, whereas such a spirit exists only partly in Slovakia and not at all in "Czechia" (Bohemia and Moravia), which has an anti-Catholic and leftist tradition going back to Jan Hus and the Taborite Revolution. Poland, looking into its past, has the image of King Boleslaw II, the murderer of Saint Stanislaw, ending his life incognito, as a humble friar in an Austrian monastery, atoning for his crime. History sometimes moves slowly. The identity of that friar was discovered only in our time—nine hundred years after his death. It will take less time for us to see whether the present rulers of Poland are going to repent. □

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The Words and the Music

JOHN P. ROCHE

A General's Life
By Omar N. Bradley and Clay Blair
Simon & Schuster, 736 pp., $19.95

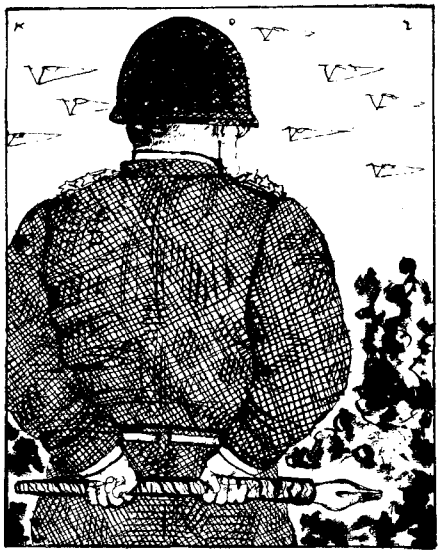
I guess there is a God: How else can one explain why Omar Bradley—with the exception of General Matthew Ridgway, the last of the Great Captains of World War II—should posthumously provide the quintessential mop-up, the ultimate balanced, masterly, candid assessment of the war in Europe and the men who planned and led it? Reading it I was reminded of a meeting in the White House in 1966 at which President Johnson and some of his top advisors were discussing possible successors to George Ball as Under Secretary of State. The language was rather vivid as various characters were put under the microscope, but the room fell into sepulchral silence—even LBJ looked shocked—when an eminent statesman known for his mild and temperate speech observed flatly of one proposed candidate, "He is a dishonorable, disingenuous, untrustworthy bastard."

Omar Bradley—and despite the role of Clay Blair, to which we will return, this is *his* book—was the general who always tended to vanish into the wallpaper. Compared with MacArthur, Eisenhower, Montgomery, you might get the impression he had a walk-on part in winning the war, but I have long believed—and *A General's Life* confirms it—that he was the ablest field commander in the European theater. In many ways he resembled his historical mentor, William T. Sherman: Bradley was a thoroughly professional, yet civilian, soldier who was bored by brass bands and disgusted by prima donnas.

Above all, he was completely honest, even about himself. To take the classic case, he is the first top American commander who has admitted that our plan to invade the European mainland in 1942 (Operation Roundup) was military insanity and that it "was fortunate that the British view prevailed" and prevented "an unthinkable disaster." He has probably performed the final demolition of Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery's reputation, but when—as in the case of Roundup—the British were right, he passes out impartial credit.

Like the quiet man at the White House meeting, Bradley will stun the reader with his bluntness about his superiors, peers, and subordinates. There is, for example, a surrealistic account of meeting President Roosevelt in the fall of 1943, presumably to brief the Commander-in-Chief on the Sicilian campaign. FDR responded by giving Bradley a briefing on the effort to build the A-bomb, a project of astronomical secrecy wholly irrelevant to Bradley's mission.

About his comrades in arms, he was mercilessly candid:



—"Ike was a political general of rare and valuable gifts, but as his African record clearly demonstrates, he did not know how to manage a battlefield." Bradley indicates throughout that Eisenhower was, in his judgment, too easily swayed by the British and suggests, interestingly enough, that this was partly attributable to his intimate association with his British driver, aide, and companion at bridge and elsewhere, Kay Summersby. (But Bradley flatly denies the rumor that Ike ever wanted to divorce Mamie.)

—"Patton was the most fiercely ambitious man and the strangest duck I have ever known. He appeared to be motivated by some deep, inexplicable martial spirit . . . Patton was a superb field general and leader—perhaps our very best—but a man with many human and professional flaws. These flaws held the potential for danger, even disaster, so much so that Marshall and Ike felt Patton had to be continuously watched and tethered. I was aware of these reservations . . . in fact, I shared them."

—Mark Clark: "I had serious reservations about him personally. He seemed false somehow, too eager to impress, too hungry for the limelight, promotions, and personal publicity."

—Douglas MacArthur: "He was awesomely brilliant; but as a leader he had several major flaws: an obsession for self-glorification, almost no consideration for other men with whom he served,

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and a contempt for the judgment of his superiors. Like Patton and Monty, MacArthur was a megalomaniac."

I have picked a few choice items, but the whole book is laced with sharp summaries, many of them extremely favorable—e.g., those of British Field Marshal Harold Alexander, General Matt Ridgway, General Alfred Gruenther, and General William Simpson. It is hardly a coincidence that these, and others he rated highly, should be, like himself, non-macho types. Brad was completely in the tradition of Robert E. Lee, who at Fredericksburg, while Confederate artillery, wheel to wheel, poured shrapnel into the advancing Irish Brigade, somberly turned to Longstreet with the comment: "It is well that war is so terrible, or we should grow too fond of it."

However, Bradley reserved his full clinical contempt for Monty. I am waiting for the British military commentators to tackle this volume; it is bound to generate at least two cardiac arrests. (The French also get the treatment: Their contribution to the Liberation, the Second Armored Division —"Day Day Bay"—emerges as a gang of drunken *routiers* left over from the era of Crécy and Agincourt. But then, the French do not review foreign books.) Bradley already took a sanitized swipe at Monty in *A Soldier's Story*, but here he looses the heavy artillery. John Adams once observed snidely that George Washington was the "greatest actor of a President" he had ever seen. If Bradley had had his way, the flamboyant field marshal would have been shipped to Hollywood, perhaps to play General Burgoyne in a film of the battle of Saratoga. He was, simply put, a fake.

Leaving personal relationships aside (Montgomery was constantly trying to replace Bradley as commander of *all* ground forces, and his notes to Ike on the subject were models of patronizing chutzpah), there was a basic strategic argument between the British and the Americans on how to conduct a land war. From Bradley's viewpoint, Monty was more interested in chasing the Wehrmacht than in destroying it.

First there was the Eighth Army's snail-like assault on Tunis, which permitted large elements of the Afrika Korps to escape to Sicily; then Montgomery's weird shift on the strategy for taking Sicily (Operation Husky), when he persuaded Ike to change the axes of attack in such a fashion as to drive the Nazis back on Messina, whence they could be, and were, evacuated to Italy, rather than cutting off Messina and slugging it out; and then, once the Eighth Army was established on the Italian mainland, Montgomery's delay while he waxed and polished his tanks.

This delay proved fateful for the Italian campaign: It gave Rommel and Kesselring time to implement Operation Alaric and build a strong defensive line across Italy. A Patton-style smash north might have reached Rome before the Germans—who were busy disarming Italian troops and generally policing up the area—could combine their fresh troops from the Reich with the Afrika Korps veterans who had been evacuated from Sicily.

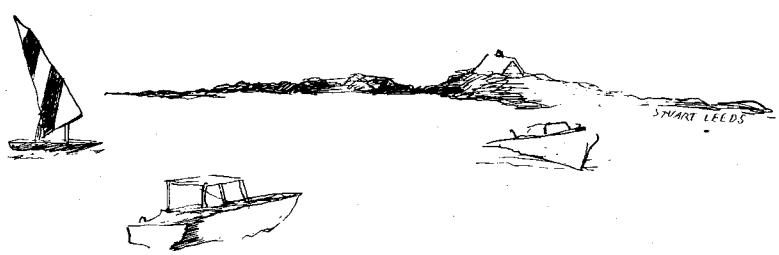
Beyond Montgomery's endless stalling there was an anterior question: Why invade Italy? The invasion of Sicily had made sense largely in logistical terms: to open the Mediterranean and provide a *point d'appui* for attacks on, or major threats to, the only "soft underbelly" in Europe—the French coast from roughly Sète to Toulon. The problem was that, once Sicily was taken, the "hot-penny scenario" came into play: there were now two superb armies sitting on their collective tails in Sicily. Something had to be done with them. Well, on a clear day you could see across the Strait of Messina. Why not invade Italy?

A good case could be made for a *limited* invasion of southern Italy. Hap Arnold could get his bombers working out of Foggia on, say, the Ploesti oilfields—a notion that appealed to air crews who had been flying B-24s from Bengazi. But only a clinically certifiable nut could argue that the way to get to Berlin and the German heartland was to crawl the length of Italy and across Austria. However, Churchill's not-too-well-hidden agenda was dominated by memories of World War I and the abattoir of direct assault on the Germans. One way to keep the Fifth and Eighth Armies out of the trenches on the Somme was to commit them to a peripheral attack on Italy, with sideshows in the Balkans.

As best I can discover, Churchill's lunatic strategy for a full-scale "diversionary" invasion of Italy won the day without the fundamental premises, and options, ever receiving adequate scrutiny. However, that is beside the point: namely, that Bradley developed a profound suspicion that Montgomery utterly rejected the basic maxim of American military doctrine that the function of an army is to find the enemy, pin the enemy, and destroy the enemy, not to collect miscellaneous real estate. But after Sicily they both went to London to collaborate on the invasion of France.

Once Overlord was safely ashore in France, the Brad-Monty controversy again picked up steam. It would be boring to refight the battle for France, but the key American complaint was that Montgomery, like Achilles in the paradox, spent infinite time closing with the tortoise. His response to criticism was invariably to claim the Americans were military naïfs who knew nothing of the art of war and the aesthetic delights of a tidy, set-piece battle. His *Schadenfreude* knew no bounds when, in "dark December," von Rundstedt launched the Ardennes offensive, a complete tactical surprise. Bradley's response was to counterattack, and Patton, in parade-ground fashion almost unbelievable in that terrain, wheeled key armored units to flank the Wehrmacht.

Bradley also wanted Monty to attack from the northern flank (General Joe Collins finally did this on his own and smashed a brand-new panzer division), but the field marshal argued for consolidation "to sort out the battlefield and tidy up the lines," a proposal that put Patton into an apoplectic rage: His minimal obscenity was, "Monty is a tired little fart." Montgomery also informed Ike in a message that has to be read to be believed that the Supreme Commander simply was not up to his job; the proof: He refused to sack Bradley and give Montgomery command of all land forces.



This was, as they say in the United Arab Emirates, the day the fit

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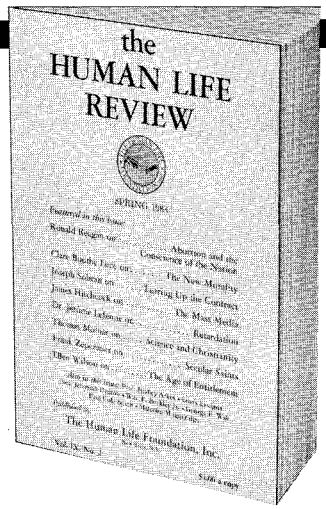

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> **The real question today is not when human life begins, but, *What is the value of human life?* The abortionist who reassembles the arms and legs of a tiny baby to make sure all its parts have been torn from its mother's body can hardly doubt whether it is a human being. The real question for him and for all of us is whether that tiny human life has a God-given right to be protected by the law—the same right we have.**

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RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST AUGUST TITLES: In *Portrait of Jesus?: The Illustrated Story of the Shroud of Turin* (Stein & Day, $21.95) Frank C. Tribbe, a former counsel to the U.S. Information Agency, reviews the evidence and concludes that the Shroud is indeed "the most important Christian relic." . . . In *The Future of Evangelical Christianity* (Doubleday/Galilee, $12.95) Donald G. Bloesch, an evangelical theologian, argues for unity within the evangelical movement. Although he is critical of evangelical groups that flirt with feminism, rock music, and Third World politics, he warns against permitting social conservatism to ally itself with right-wing politics.

■ SOME SEPTEMBER TITLES: *The Rosenberg File: A Search for Truth* (Holt Rinehart, $22.50), by Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton, argues that both the hysterical defenders of the Rosenbergs and those who believed that they received their just deserts were "wrongheaded." Instead, the authors rather paradoxically insist that although Julius Rosenberg was indeed the head of an extensive spy ring, he and Ethel were at the same time "hapless scapegoats in a propaganda war." . . . Elizabeth Drew avers in *Politics and Money: The New Road to Corruption* (Macmillan, $11.95) that the laws intended to limit campaign contributions don't work.

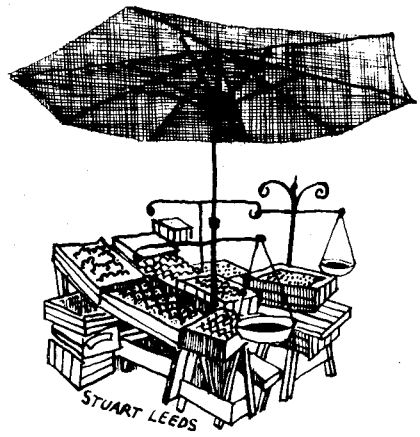
Brandeis: A New Biography of One of America's Truly Great Supreme Court Justices (Prentice-Hall, $18.95), by Lewis J. Paper, aspires to present the private as well as the public man and makes good use of interviews with surviving acquaintances. Paper is at some pains to show that the so-called Brandeis-Frankfurter connection was neither secret nor unethical.

Larry McMurtry's new novel is *The Desert Rose* (Simon & Schuster, $14.50; deluxe edition, $75), about an aging topless showgirl in Las Vegas. . . . *More Collected Stories* (Random House, $20) by V. S. Pritchett consists of 24 stories published as a sequel to last year's *Collected Stories*.

—CW

hit the Shan: Ike went off like a volcano and drafted a cable to the Combined Chiefs of Staff that put the cards on the table: It's me or Montgomery. He showed the draft to Freddie de Guingand, Monty's chief of staff, who, stunned, rushed to his boss. Monty, typically, had no notion that he had overstepped the bounds, but hastened to write a profoundly apologetic letter. This cooled the command crisis for the moment, but did little to get Montgomery in serious motion; indeed, he was still making *very* careful plans to cross the Rhine when the American First and Third Armies pulled the trick.

Bradley's description of these events is unmatched, largely because it was never cleaned up by editors out to preserve the reputations of the other players. The actual writing was done by Clay Blair (as Chet Hansen did *A Soldier's Story*) from extensive research in the Bradley papers, other documentation, and a mass of taped interviews. (Bradley himself confessed he was incapable of writing.) Before he died, in 1981, Bradley had read about a third of the manuscript and was delighted; after his death, his widow, Kitty, and former staff aides vetted the manuscript and sent portions to various eminent military historians for their criticism. I am prepared to go to the wall for its substantive authenticity: Blair has not only the words, but the music. It *sounds* like Brad.



I recall an evening in 1970 when my wife and I were at a Texas party with General and Mrs. Bradley and we got to talking about the French. Nineteen sixty-nine was the 25th anniversary of Overlord and there had been a big reunion at Utah and Omaha Beaches, which Bradley attended in a wheelchair. Charles de Gaulle boycotted the occasion (despite the remarkable feat of the Day Day Bay in liberating Paris unassisted), but turned up at Toulon in August to commemorate the 1944 landings in southern France (Anvil), which had brought substantial French forces from North Africa. I mentioned this to the general, who chuckled and remarked, "If you ever do Charlie a favor, he will never forgive you."

I have picked out what to me is the most interesting section of this enormous book, but it covers General Bradley's whole career. (Someone at Simon & Schuster should be defenestrated for not providing chapter titles.) Among other interesting tidbits in his statement in a taped interview with Blair was that there had been "Comint" evidence against the Rosenbergs—that is, we had cracked the Soviet code and found references to their espionage. This has been on the tom-tom network for years, but has never been explicitly admitted. Why has the FBI not released the transcripts; surely, the Soviets have changed their codes?

Finally, the World War II section supplies convincing evidence for the proposition that we fought two separate wars with virtually no overlap. What Pacific veteran would argue that without a substantial port (Cherbourg, Antwerp) you could never supply an army? Why did Bradley spend so much time and effort cleaning out the "Brittany pocket," when its Germans could have been left to rot in an isolated European New Guinea? Although generals were switched from the PTO to the ETO (Corlett, Collins, Patch, and others), even a strategist with Bradley's acumen failed adequately to debrief them. This staff failure at the very top merits more attention than it has received from military historians. □

Why the Jews? The Reason for Anti-Semitism
By Dennis Prager and Joseph Telushkin
Simon & Schuster, 238 pp., $14.95

ANTI-SEMITES ALL

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Few things have stunned me as much as a Jewish friend, whom I'd known for several years, saying, "I've always thought the Catholic Church was anti-Semitic." A chasm opened.

It comes as a shock to be bitterly accused of hating Jews. It comes as a worse shock to be *calmly* accused of hating Jews. For many Jews it is an article of faith that all Gentiles—not just Christians—hate them. "Let's face it," a reader recently wrote to the *New York Daily News*, "there's a little bit of Hitler inside every Gentile."

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After a while the Gentile may begin to suspect that charges of anti-Semitism, like those of racism and sexism and homophobia, are manipulative devices to keep Gentiles twitching defensively. They do have that function sometimes, but the real motive, I suspect, is deeper: Such charges enable one to dismiss, in advance, all opposition.

Some Jews have preferred to blame all anti-Semitism specifically on Christianity. This is a frequent theme even in such sober Jewish publications as *Commentary*. It has the advantage of removing all intergroup friction from the level of experience to that of theology: Gentile hostility becomes pure prejudice, not conclusion. It also capitalizes on the Christian conscience. It has the disadvantage of failing to account for the common hostility of pagans and Moslems to Jews.

Here is a book by two very bright young Jews that attempts to cope with all the difficulties while retaining almost all the theses at once. *Why the Jews: The Reason for Anti-Semitism* explains that Jews are hated for their Judaism. "The higher quality of Jewish life is objectively verifiable," say Dennis Prager and Joseph Telushkin, and it produces envy in Gentiles of all kinds. "To put it another way, the Jews' belief in Jewish chosenness has provoked hostility because the quality of Jewish life has made Jews seem as if they really were chosen."

The authors go on to say that "treatment of the Jews has served as one of humanity's moral barometers. Watch how a nation, religion, or political movement treats Jews, and you have an early and deadly accurate picture of that group's intentions toward others." So anti-Semitism is akin to racism? No, it is "unique." Judaism poses a "moral challenge." But don't people often hate Jews because they find many of them—leftists, pornographers, reductionist intellectuals—morally repellent? No, these are "non-Jewish Jews."

Prager and Telushkin distinguish several kinds of anti-Semitism: ancient, Christian, Islamic, Enlightenment, leftist, Nazi, and anti-Zionist. Anti-Zionism is anti-Semitism? Yes. Then if someone simply doubts Israel's claim to Palestine, he is an anti-Semite? Yes. Even if he doesn't doubt the general virtues of the Jews? I guess so.

Here the thesis becomes highly suspicious. It sounds pretty self-serving to treat all adverse reaction as a single entity, for one thing. Two men may dis-

If you believe that pressing political, economic, and cultural issues cannot be resolved—or even understood—without considering their moral and ethical underpinnings, you should subscribe to

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the lively new journal (less than 2 years old) that believes the same. Here are highlights of the current issue, dated Spring/Summer 1983:

Foreign Policy and "The American Way"

The Rise and Fall of the Post-World War II Consensus

by Allan C. Carlson

Our pluralistic society is increasingly torn by divisive conflicts. A diminished core of common values appears unable to sustain the formerly shared sense of moral identity and purpose. Can the old consensus be restored? Can some other viable common faith replace it? And, lacking either, can the U.S. reassert an effective foreign policy, rebuild its position vis a vis the Soviet Union, and continue as leader of the non-Communist world?

"Cosmos", Cosmologies, and the Public Schools

by Richard A. Baer, Jr.

A Cornell University scientist examines recent developments in the continuing controversy over religious and moral teachings and the public schools: the use of Sagan's "Cosmos" series in science studies; the storm over tuition vouchers and educational tax credits; the creationism conflict. Baer warns of a dangerously widening gulf between education theorists and leaders on the one hand, and broad segments of the public on the other.

The Market, Planning, Capitalism and Democracy

by Giovanni Sartori

Debates over the degree of economic planning that is compatible with political democracy are notable more for their passion than for their clearheadedness. Here, however, the distinguished Schweitzer Professor of Humanities at Columbia University presents light without heat: a remarkably readable and lucid explanation that, happily, defines some basic concepts too often obscured, when not overlooked entirely.

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like Brown for two different or even opposite reasons; it would be a mistake for Brown to posit a universal tendency called "anti-Brownism," let alone to suspect "polite anti-Brownism" or "latent anti-Brownism" behind the smiling face of civility.

To Prager and Telushkin, all Gentiles past a certain point seem to look alike. Enlightenment anti-Semitism wanted to *include* Jews, not shut them out. It attacked their particularism for its own reasons; wrongly, perhaps, but still out of a consistent value-system, and not because it resented what *it* saw as the "higher quality of Jewish life."

In fact most people in the West have tended to look on Jews as backward, not superior. The popular sociology that made "jew" and "gyp" slang terms for sharp dealing may have been crude and cruel, but it hardly expressed a sense that Jewish and Gypsy life were worthy of envy. Prager and Telushkin overlook the sheer *ethnocentrism* of other cultures, because they are possessed by an ethnocentrism of their own.

The very things that Jews take a just pride in have, by the same token, gone unappreciated and unnoticed by most other people. Every nation flatters itself that its own specialties are the central measure of excellence, and accordingly trivializes the excellences of its neighbors. Ironically, for a people so talented, many Jews now specialize in being hated, and willfully interpret anti-Semitism as an inverted acknowledgment of chosenness. *Why the Jews?* assumes that Jewish self-absorption is matched by a Gentile absorption with Jews.

In fact it fairly demands such absorption. It implicitly shows how to use the charge of anti-Semitism as a club with which to extort support for Israel, for example. To the extent that its mindset prevails—and it is very widespread nowadays—it becomes impossible to treat Jews as a normal part of the world, subject to the same standards as everyone else. This book insists that Jews *are* the standard, and that to criticize them by any other standard is to fall short of the only one that really counts.

But far from being anti-American, as this account might suggest, Prager and Telushkin are at pains to link Israel and America: "Almost as consistently as Jew-hatred, America-hatred has become a moral litmus test of nations, regimes, and individuals. America represents freedom, a higher quality of life, and a willingness to fight for its values." Pardon me, but, patriotic though I like to think I am, America is something more complex and slightly less pure than these distilled virtues. And rightly or wrongly, many people do dislike us for what they sincerely see as our vices. Khomeini would mention our materialism; even he may have a point.

Others don't meet us in the church or synagogue, where we are something like our ideal selves; they judge us by marketplace encounters, by what Prager and Telushkin would dismiss as "non-Jewish" traits, and usually don't even *know* what we think we are, let alone see and appraise us as we see and appraise ourselves.

Finally, *Why the Jews?* is an ingenious attempt to sustain a naïve self-image. In its conceptual framework, catch-all terms like "anti-Semitism" and even "Gentile" serve to make all non-Jews suspect. They can prove themselves non-anti-Semitic by paying a small price: simply sacrificing their own perceptions whenever these conflict with the Jewish self-image. I wonder if the authors realize what they are asking. □

The Air-Line to Seattle: Studies in Literary and Historical Writing about America
By Kenneth S. Lynn
University of Chicago, 228 pp., $17.50

IDEOLOGUE'S BANE

J. O. TATE

Because of their unity of purpose and perception, these essays—which first appeared in such periodicals as *Commentary*, *The American Scholar*, *The Times Literary Supplement*, and *Harper's*—make for an unusually satisfying collection. Mr. Lynn, who professes history at Johns Hopkins, demonstrates that he does not profess history in the classroom only. Disassembling clichés, rebuking *idées reçues*, and castigating error, this historian—the author of books on Twain and Howells—repairs the distortions of "men of letters."

According to Lynn, for example, an examination of the reputation of Emerson is blocked by a "hagiographical piety" that won't confront the circumstances in and by which that American sage renounced his ministry and took off for Europe in 1832. When he delivered his celebrated address "The American Scholar" at Harvard in 1837, "the speaker had a dirty little secret. Emerson called upon the students to avoid involvement in business, spurn material values, dedicate themselves to the life of the mind, and imitate the career of—he all but said it—Ralph Waldo Emerson." But Emerson was "free" because he had married and buried a tubercular heiress. Lynn doesn't fail to suggest parallels with "the sort of fortune-hunting hypocrite" familiar from Henry James's *The Portrait of a Lady* and *The Wings of the Dove*. But his broader point is that "ever since it was delivered, the 'American Scholar' address has been a holy text for American intellectuals who like to believe they are morally superior beings who have risen above their countrymen's worship of money. They thus have a vested interest in not learning anything about the author of the address that might tend to discredit him."

Similarly, Justin Kaplan's biography of Walt Whitman is shown to be "time-bound," its author unable "to look at any large event in American history from the point of view of the participants." Whitman's homosexuality can't be approached in the context of gay-lib tub-thumping because the anachronism won't wash; and Professor Lynn brilliantly shows us a Whitman who suffered Victorian "perturbations" about his homosexuality and who welcomed the approach of old age. He also knows that despite Whitman's "presentation of himself as the prophet of the people, . . . he has primarily been the poetic companion of intellectuals."

Insisting that "the only trash contained in *Huckleberry Finn* has been put there by the teachers thereof," Lynn

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painstakingly explains the meaning of its final sentences. Showing us the Widow Douglas in full relief, he proves that Twain did not write an indictment of American life or a symphony of alienation. Rather, the misreading of the text is tendentious: "The habitual tendency of American intellectuals to view family life as dreary, repressive, and conducive to the sickness, rather than the health, of husbands and wives, parents and children, has also figured in the critical distortion of the novel, as has the anti-Americanism that has been a part of campus life ever since the mid-1960s."

Lynn dismisses Mrs. Mary Chesnut's famous Dixie diary as a fiction, since it was written twenty years after the events described. The fact and legend of Greenwich Village bohemianism Lynn subjects to a clear-eyed revision. Lynn convinces us that Edmund Wilson's description of Hemingway's Nick Adams as "the psychological victim of a brutal war" is more a political prescription than a critical description. Hemingway's own unhealed wound was not the one he suffered on July 8, 1918—his reaction to that event, as recorded in his letters, was an equivalent of President Reagan's quotation of Jack Dempsey: "Honey, I forgot to duck." Lynn's account shows us a Hemingway fundamentally wounded in his relationship with his mother.

Lynn's comments on Scott Fitzgerald are eye-opening. One sentence is worth a volume of exegesis: "It is his collection of gaudily colored shirts, not Daisy, that Gatsby flings down in his bedroom." Lynn concludes: "The 'lost generation' myth may assert that war-haunted young men of the Twenties enacted a revolution in morals, but the most famous suitor in the literature of the period was as inhibited as any Puritan." In an antithetical examination of Frederick Lewis Allen's *Only Yesterday*, we find the myth of the Twenties dissolved: "The middle-class heroine of Booth Tarkington's *Alice Adams* . . . equates sexual looseness with self-destruction, just as her mother does. *Only Yesterday*, however, overlooks *Alice Adams*, even though it is literarily of greater interest than *This Side of Paradise* and was far more popular."

Professor Lynn has an affinity for the other side of the coin. He coolly dismembers Joseph P. Lash's *Eleanor and Franklin* in the light of Doris Faber's *The Life of Lorena Hickok: E.R.'s Friend*. Observing Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s predictably dainty tiptoe through the tulips in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Lynn faces squarely the evidence of a husband's betrayal and a wife's emotional compensation. But his political conclusions are not likely to be embraced by Lash or Schlesinger, or any other guardians of the flame.

Lynn shows us a Malcolm Cowley whose memoirs are a forgetting of Stalinist days of yore. He finds more of the truth about Walter Lippmann in Louis Auchincloss's novel *The House of the Prophet* than in Ronald Steel's biography, *Walter Lippmann and the American Century*. The unadorned elegance and corrosive wit of Professor Lynn's essays make for considerable entertainment: "Circular arguments, slippery-slick non-sequiturs, collapsing time frames, irrelevant quotations, and gloriously unfootnoted generalizations also contribute to the excitement of reading [Eugene D. Genovese's] *Roll, Jordan, Roll*." Lynn's work exemplifies throughout the wisdom of Herbert Butterfield's admonitions in *The Whig Interpretation of History*. The uncommonly sensible Mr.

a·poc·a·lyp·tic prem·ise

adj. **1:** foreboding imminent disaster or final doom

n. **1a:** a proposition supposed as a basis of argument **b:** something assumed

The Apocalyptic Premise: Nuclear Arms Debated

Edited by Ernest W. Lefever and E. Stephen Hunt

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Lynn won't trust the butcher with his thumb on the scale, or accept a history based on ideological requirements or the "needs" of the moment. □

FILM

SURFACES, MOSTLY

JOHN SIMON

Zelig (which translates from the Yiddish as blessed) is the most daring idea for a film Woody Allen has had so far. It starts out kidding *Reds*, with eminent witnesses such as Susan Sontag, Saul Bellow, and Irving Howe testifying to the celebrity, now completely faded, that one Leonard Zelig alternately enjoyed and endured during the Twenties and Thirties. Zelig, it seems, became whatever he was exposed to. The victim of anti-Semitism when he was a child—with his Jewish parents siding with the anti-Semites against him—he developed a super-Lamarckian gift of adaptation. In high society, he became a perfect socialite; with the plebs, a consummate plebeian. With Indians, he became an Indian; with blacks, a black; with psychiatrists, a close associate of Freud; and so on. And not just in spirit, mind you; but in looks, talk, behavior, down to the last mannerism. First famous, then notorious, as the Chameleon Man, he landed in Manhattan Hospital, where all the psychiatrists except the attractive Dr. Eudora Fletcher eventually gave up on him.

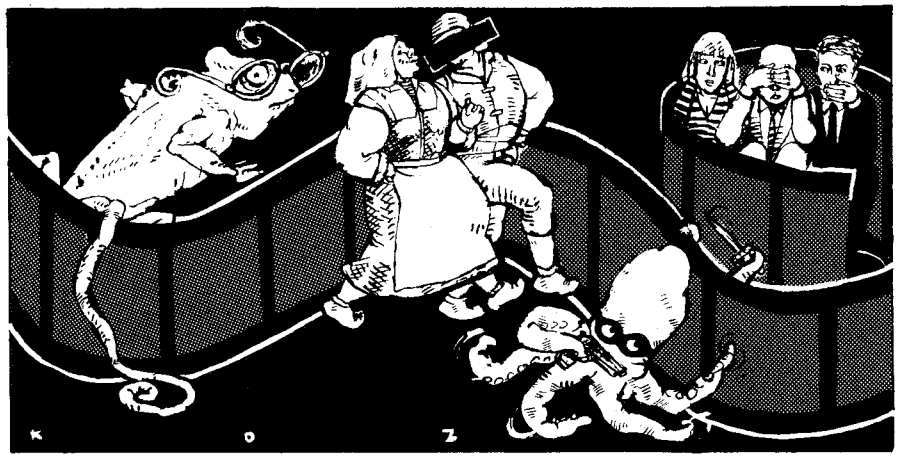
The film consists entirely of genuine and imitation newsreels, pseudo-home movies, and scenes from an imaginary 1935 Warner Bros. movie about Zelig. For Zelig, you see, shuttled maddeningly between being America's hero and America's loathed scapegoat, and the film is supposed to be a fable about fame in the U.S.A., about the fickleness of the public, about the thin dividing line between genius and madness, about the fluctuations of Woody's reputation with unstable audiences. I can't give you any plot for three reasons: There is very little of it; it is all nearly unrelated and quite unrelatable pointillistic fragments; and the few surprises it holds have to be discreetly coddled.

But the technique is fascinating and a triumph for Gordon Willis, the excellent cinematographer, who has here surpassed himself. He and his associates had to simulate old newsreels and movies, and blend their work seamlessly with stock footage; above all, Zelig's mutating mug had to be sneaked almost subliminally into real and fake old material—say, mixing with East Coast literati on Fitzgeraldian Long Island estates, or with West Coast movie moguls and stars at San Simeon and the like. This has been pulled off with such persuasiveness and charm that, even when the film doesn't hold your interest (which is often), you can sit back and relish the technique.

Altogether, *Zelig* is a curious example of a film with too much cleverness for its own good. Though the kaleidoscopic fortunes of the protagonist are aptly mirrored in the collage-like quality of the movie, the art of assemblage, instead of enhancing the semblance of reality, proves an inadequate way of dissembling: the cunningly joined snippets challenge us to peer behind them and discover the central hollowness. Certainly there is nothing here for actors to act: A performance made of quasi-jump cuts is at best a comic strip. Still, Woody Allen looks funny: as a Native American, as an Afro-American, as various kinds of not quite melted Melting-Pot Americans, and especially as his usual hangdog self; as for Mia Farrow as Dr. Fletcher, her kind of performance actually benefits from being reduced to smithereens.

IN A SUMMER full of big, militantly silly films of the *Superman III* variety, one must show some gratitude for small favors. So one can rate *Octopussy*, the latest link in the Bond chain—for a movie of its kind—a 7 rather than, like some of its recent predecessors, a 00. (I trust my readers are familiar with the sign "00," which in Balkan countries denotes a privy.) Most of the sex and wit—such as they are—remain confined to the title, but, under John Glen's direction, there is a superabundance of nicely preposterous gadget-and-action sequences. And when the eponymous heroine-villainess (Maud Adams, and mediocre) threatens to shoot the villainous Louis Jourdan, his way of twice uttering her name—beseechingly and Gallically, to rhyme with Cocteau and *souci*—may in itself be worth a juvenile admission. My main grievance concerns the way Miss Adams, a supposed expert on octopuses or octopodes, pluralizes her tutelary mollusks into "octopi." Fie!

A MUCH WORTHIER film, though still one that is more interesting than fully rounded, is *The Return of Martin Guerre*, a true and fascinating story that inspired, among others, the pleasant opera by William Bergsma based on Janet Lewis's novel. In 1549, Martin Guerre, a neurotic and unhappily married young peasant from the village of Artigat in the foothills of the Pyrenees, left his wife and child to fight in the wars. Eight years later, he returned, different in looks and personality, perhaps not the same man, but with the kind of intimate knowledge that only the real Martin could have. His wife, family, and most of the villagers acknowledged his authenticity for three years, whereupon a series of incidents triggered by greed caused the fellow's identity to be challenged and led to violence and a trial with tragic consequences. The story was first written up by Montaigne, who was present at the trial in



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Toulouse, and by Jean de Coras, the magistrate who presided over it.

The film is intelligently directed by Daniel Vigne, who, ably supported by his set designer, Alain Nègre, and costumer, Anne-Marie Marchand, perfectly animates the canvases of Bruegel. With subtle cinematography by André Neau and ingenious music by Michel Portal (evocative of the period without being slavishly *moyenâgeux*), the film, shot not far from the actual locale, unostentatiously captures the aroma and atmosphere of its time and place. (It is vastly superior to *La Nuit de Varennes*, Ettore Scola's current exercise in cutesy historicism, where, ceaselessly pelted with second-rate epigrams, we can draw comfort only from Marcello Mastroianni's and Jean-Louis Barrault's delightful performances.) The acting is, for the most part, pungently natural, with Gérard Depardieu giving his best performance in years. Remarkable, too, is the famous stage director Roger Planchon as the canny magistrate Jean de Coras; too bad that the film, in a prologue or epilogue, doesn't show us his own sticky end in the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre.

Aside from a slight superficiality throughout, the main flaw is Nathalie Baye as Martin's wife. Granted that the intricacies of this character are particularly slighted in the generally competent script by Vigne and Jean-Claude Carrière, Mlle. Baye is a bit too modern, too unsensual, and probably too old for her role. And she lacks that mixture of headstrong pawkiness and jovial lasciviousness one expects from a *méridional* peasant girl.

SINCE, month after month, *Betrayal* refuses to depart, I feel compelled to try to speed it on its way with a swift kick to the side it so proudly presents to us. The script, by Harold Pinter from his stage play, depends on the flashy but unoriginal device of telling its story backward. Otherwise, this is the million-times-told tale of how a passionate adulterous love affair ends in the near-apathetic parting of the lovers, partly through the woman's divorce and consequent availability, and partly through the very transience of passion. Adhering closely to the play, the scenario has a solid grasp of its milieu: the upper-middle-class world of London publishers, literary agents, and writers. But the story is banal, and the effort to conceal this through backward movement in time, with its concomitant ironies, and through dumping the viewer not just *in medias* but actually *in ultimas res*, makes one feel all the more cheated once the trickiness lets the vacuum peep through.

Aside from the usual Pinter gimmicks—overwrought pauses, nervous non-sequiturs, elephantine ironies—there is at the core the old and by now surely tiresome Pinterian game: meaningless menace. True, when a wife and her husband's and her best friend, himself a married man, are having a prolonged affair, and the husband secretly knows about it and does some philandering in turn, there is room for guilt, fear, hostility, power plays, and the odd explosion of violence. The trouble with Pinter, however, is that he is much bigger on reveled-in meanness than on

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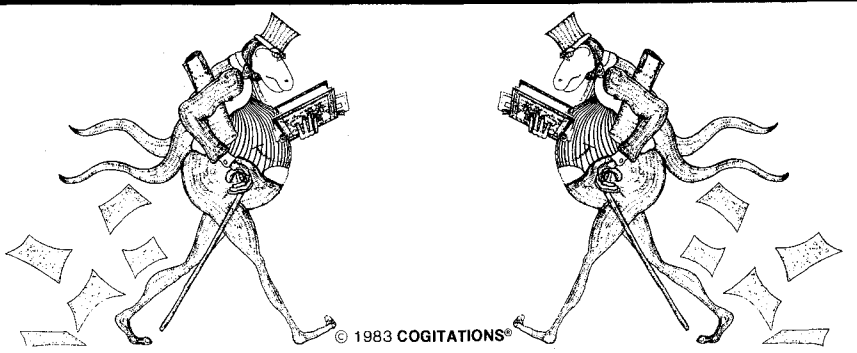

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fresh insights into feelings and behavior. The film suffers also from infelicitous casting. Although Ben Kingsley is good as the husband, he is both too old and too different ethnically to have the same background and be such close pals with the lover—yet the crucial irony of *Betrayal* depends, I believe, on the basic interchangeability of the two men. Jeremy Irons—a poor, overrated actor—is fidgety and dimensionless as the lover; though Patricia Hodge is histrionically equal to the wife, she is so disturbingly odd-looking that a future anthropologist digging up her skull might well wonder whether it was equine, marsupial, or what.

The play gained from being limited to small spaces and three characters; the film, which introduces more people and realistic locations, dissipates the intensity of stage stylization. Still, David Jones, with only theatrical and television experience behind him, has directed with astonishing variety and fluidity, even if Mike Fash's cinematography scales no heights. There is, to be sure, a suitably gloomy look to the exteriors, but let us not, like Vincent Canby in the *New York Times*, credit Pinter and his crew with the idiosyncrasies of British weather. □

SOUND ON DISC

THE DUKE AND HIS MUSIC

RALPH de TOLEDANO

When Edward Kennedy Ellington died, in 1974, he left a legacy unequaled in jazz. His recordings—the first was made in 1924—take up some 29 pages in *Jazz Records*, that essential compendium published by Neil McCaffrey, and that's only up to 1942. His songs and instrumentals have merged into the mainstream of jazz and popular music. His orchestra, which more than the piano was his solo instrument, developed a beat and a voice that was unique but never really parted from the jazz idiom. The Duke—urbane, soft-spoken, and debonair—had become a symbol and an institution in American music, jazz or otherwise.

Duke Ellington had also become a paradox of sorts, for though he stretched the confines of jazz, he never left them. This, of course, was in his later years, when he began to compose suites that drew together the jazz experience and gave it amplitude. In the late 1930s, his critics accused him of "going Debussy"—but this was, I am afraid, because they had never really given ear to Debussy. If there was a serious composer, and I use the word "serious" apologetically, to whom he owed any debt it was Darius Milhaud, whose *Création du monde* owed its own debt to jazz. The tonalities and the modalities were different but there was a kinship, even though I am not certain that Duke Ellington ever studied Milhaud's work.

My own Ellington library, and it is far from complete, includes the two volumes of Columbia reissues (six LPs); the two-LP album of recordings on which the inimitable Ivie Anderson was the vocalist; two volumes of the so-called "small band" Ellingtons (sides cut with seven or so men from the big band and ostensibly led by one or another of his great soloists); and the *Concert of Sacred Music*, recorded at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York. That, I thought, was enough for me. Other collections repeat much of the *œuvre* in these albums, and latterly they were made with soloists of lesser inspiration than those who were present at the creation.

The first Ellington I ever owned was an old Brunswick, "I'm Satisfied," which I bought in a Harlem junkshop for a penny. It is hardly immortal, but it made me a believer. From that point on, I began buying the Ellingtons as they were issued, new and at 75 cents each, as I recall. I crossed Morningside Park from the Columbia campus—it was safe to do so in those days—to hear him at Harlem's La Scala of jazz, the old Apollo. And once, with the late Eugene Williams (with whom I co-founded *Jazz Information*), I sat in the Columbia studios while Ellington, the ineffable jungle-style trumpeter Cootie Williams, and a few other band men cut four sides for the Vocalion label, 35 cents in the record shops. It was my contention then that Ellington was better at the Apollo than at the fancier theaters downtown because the interplay of orchestra and audience was so much more relaxed and intimate.

In those days, one side of a 78-rpm recording ran three to three and a half minutes, but the Duke was pushing the limits here. He was able to get Brunswick to allow him four sides for his "Reminiscing in Tempo"—a kind of jazz piano concerto, though not, Heaven forbid, in sonata form—in which he began his move toward the larger forms. Earlier, his "Creole Rhapsody" had taken two sides of a 78. And his "Echoes of Harlem" and "Clarinet Lament," the first featuring Cootie's trumpet and plunger, the second Barney Bigard's wonderfully lyric clarinet, moved into new jazz ground.

Now my Ellington collection has been enriched by *The Duke Ellington Carnegie Hall Concerts 1943-47*. The nine boxed LPs are available from Blue Angel, a record company to which, as readers of this space must know, we owe very much (1738 Allied Street, Charlottesville, Va. 22901; telephone 800-446-7964). The first three of these concerts took place when I was, as

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the saying goes, wearing my country's uniform and doing my bit far from 57th Street. The fourth, in December of 1947, found me back in New York, but I absented myself from felicity, fearful that the fare at Carnegie Hall would be a large helping of "symphonic jazz"—that musical oxymoron.

I was sadly and foolishly wrong. I stayed away also out of loyalty to those of the great Ellington soloists who had for various reasons left the orchestra. Could it be the Duke without Cootie Williams and Rex Stewart and Barney Bigard? It was, and I should have been there. For there is nothing "symphonic" about any of these Carnegie Hall concerts, nothing of that 1920s amalgam of Paul Whiteman and George Gershwin, which, however interesting or significant, was a cat of a different color.

The concerts are beautiful Ellington throughout, though the jazz line may be occasionally attenuated. They consist in part of the Ellington band's set pieces —the melodies and arrangements that the Duke had immortalized over the years. In part they are the longer compositions in which Ellington sought to extend the limits of jazz—the "suites" if you will, but suites only in the sense that T. S. Eliot's *Wasteland* is a suite. The major Ellington compositions of this sort are *Black, Brown, and Beige* and *Liberian Suite*. They are intended to tell us something about the Negro and his history, but the program's not the thing. Instead they are a lacing together of what in the late Thirties and early Forties would have been individual Ellington pieces. This is not to put them down, for though the stitching may sometimes show, they are beautiful and evocative, and where necessary they really jump. From time to time they lose the jazz beat, but never the plangency of the jazz voice.

Duke Ellington, like Mozart, was a man of inexhaustible melody. His medium was the "big band" jazz orchestra. Into it he poured all those elements that make up jazz—the English four-part hymn, the work songs of the levee, the spirituals, the blues, the rhythmical intricacies that no one has yet been able to score, the melting-pot utterance of Tin Pan Alley, the balladry of Harlem and of America. Had he been born in nineteenth-century France, rather than at a time when music—American and European—had developed tonsillitis, he would have shaken hands with Berlioz and Brahms. These Carnegie Hall concerts are a monument to his genius and a commentary on the middle decades of the twentieth century.

I would be very unhappy if I did not have these Blue Angel recordings. They are essential to those who love jazz, who love all music, and who respond to the sensibilities of genius at work. □

The GIMLET EYE

APTITUDE TESTING

D. KEITH MANO

I'm sure of it now—I have so little coordination I couldn't even work on a disassembly line. See, at the Johnson O'Connor aptitude-measuring lab they have this mean exercise: pick up three small pins with one hand and cram them in a hole. Fill hole after hole against time. The pins, I'm assured, are elusive and recalcitrant as a cat hair in boiling water. They won't fit, they roll away. Then, next test, try to snip them up with tweezers. I'd botch it again: my opposable thumb opposes, chiefly, me. The talent for finger-grabbing, you understand, is quite unlike the tweezer-grabbing knack. I know this may sound unegalitarian, but some people can tweeze or pick from birth and some can't. If all men are created equal, it is because they didn't create themselves.

Johnson O'Connor thought up his pin-and-hole sport in 1922 while doing efficiency research with General Electric. He was intrigued then to discover that men taken at random could often outpinhole men who had done equivalent manual labor at GE for more than a decade. "This," Bruce Foxley, director of the New York Johnson O'Connor Foundation office, told us, "gave him the idea that there must be innate aptitude, abilities, talents, skills that we all possess. It was just a question of measuring them." O'Connor eventually left GE. With his aptitude for aptitude, he began to develop a subtle, comprehensive test that would isolate and divulge talent. He died in 1973 testing Mexican Indians. "He and his wife caught some

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disease or other. But he was playing with pins and wiggly blocks right to the end. He went down in glory."

There are almost two dozen tests. A quiz for number retention: one for abstract design, for analytical thought, for shape (the wiggly blocks). Recognition: what changed from picture A to picture B? A three-part music test. The ta = bird, kak = me, wif = child examination that uses syllogramming (ta and kak and wif are all syllograms) to rate foreign-language aptitude. Also a word-association game that can ascertain if you're subjective (25 per cent of us) or objective (everyone else). For $350 and three half-days Johnson O'Connor will examine you at any center (there are 16 now). Somewhat like consulting an intellectual internist. By the end you'll know, at least with more precision, whether to major in beach pathology or bumper pool.

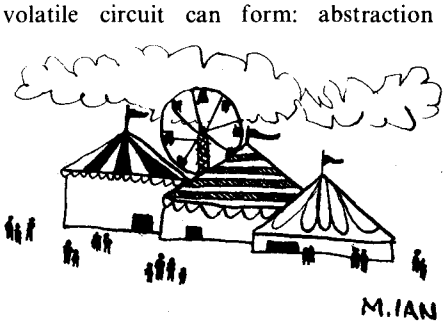
I, as an example, have almost no aptitude for writing. First, I'm slow as coal-gasification at it. Second, I'd rather deep-fat-fry my left ear than do it. The one irreplaceable Johnson O'Connor tool is a clock: speed matters. "If you have an aptitude you're almost not thinking about what you're doing. It just happens. Aptitude is more than an ability, it is almost an urge, an appetite that must be satisfied." The lawyer who quits his job with Tort, Moot, and Frame in middle age to take up venetian-blind restringing—he most likely had hidden and unrequited mechanical talent. He may have taught himself law, as I taught myself writing, in spite of a bright ineptitude for it. Or he may possess both skills: the problem is never too little aptitude, the problem is too much and varied. Johnson O'Connor will help you find a more compatible job mix: defenestration law, say.

APTITUDE, remember, is not IQ. A score of 165 on some Stanford-Binet test may mean that you've got floppy disks for a brain—but it won't give, so to speak, the schematic diagram, the particular inclination of your smartness. (Johnson O'Connor doesn't test until age 14. "Younger than that, it's like height, things are growing at various rates and the test-retest validation won't hold up.") Aptitude, furthermore, is not interest. Interests change: they merely represent what has been coming in, at present, over the transom of your mind. Aptitude will not change. If you retain a long number series at 17, you'll retain one almost as well at 57. Aptitude can level out with age, then decline: though experience and knowledge should be able to compensate by that time. But an unpromising fact is: few people ever learn how their aptitudes really concur. If I'd known, I could've sold video fish instead of writing this.

There are, forgive me, innate general differences—despite those who hum, *Vive la similarité*. One man in two can fit the wiggly blocks together with great address. Just 25 per cent of women can. Women, however, are better formed for graphoria (checking off like and unlike numbers, a paperwork talent). More adept, also, at ideophoria (associative thought) and abstract visualization. To pour cocktail sauce on the other liberal sore, someone asked, "Will environment or economic level unbalance natural aptitude?" No. Except in the radius of vocabulary, which is not aptitude at all, but an acquired craft. Johnson O'Connor began testing for—what was that word?—vocabulary because he soon found it would be his most sensitive indicator of general knowledge and achievement. A word to the wise is not sufficient.

But let all that blow downwind. What will fascinate me is human brainwork and its special, outlandish cadence. People at Johnson O'Connor, from both empirical and deductive evidence, have begun to accumulate catchy data about the mind. For instance, while testing photographers, one team found that a high mark in musical-pitch discrimination was constant. Tone and tone: color and sonority: a synaesthetic jump there. Athletes score high in musical-rhythm retention: listen to the downbeat of a dribbled basketball some time. And spelling. Well, spelling. "None of the aptitudes has anything to do with spelling. It's an *x* quantity we haven't been able to identify as yet. Spelling is spelling is spelling."

Synapses open and close. They conduct the peculiar electricity of thought, then step it up or step it down. A volatile circuit can form: abstraction or faith might leap, spark gapping, for some provocative opposite charge. A body is galvanized into motion. The mind, above all, has surpassing aptitude for mystery. □



BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE NEW PENGUIN STEREO RECORD AND CASSETTE GUIDE, *by Edward Greenfield, Robert Layton, and Ivan March (Penguin, 978 pp., $12.95).* Satisfied owners of *The Penguin Stereo Record Guide* or *The Penguin Cassette Guide* need only note that Messrs. Greenfield, Layton, and March have now brought out a sequel, covering records and tapes issued between 1977 and 1982, that is every bit as good as its predecessors. For non-owners, a word of explanation is in order: The authors of *The New Penguin Stereo Record and Cassette Guide* are longtime members of the reviewing panel of the British music magazine *Gramophone*; their purpose in writing these volumes is to provide capsule evaluations of "the finest stereo records and cassettes of permanent music [i.e., classical music] available in the United Kingdom." A three-star system is used, with a rosette awarded to "uniquely valuable" releases; the equivalent American catalogue numbers are included when available (which is most of the time). Standards are high and details accurate throughout the series, while the three authors command a collective prose style so accomplished that the *Penguin Guides* are invariably as readable as they are reliable.

TERRY TEACHOUT

THE RANDOM HOUSE BOOK OF TWENTIETH-CENTURY FRENCH POETRY, *edited by Paul Auster (Random House, 637 pp., $25).* Paul Auster, the compiler of this bilingual edition of 48 French poets, has given us a memorable volume. His selection does not smack of the erudite or the pompous; it is a lively recreation, although it does sag a bit at the end, showing that French poetry today is a diaphanous bird, hopping uneasily among its Italian, English, and American counterparts. From the anarchic freedom advocated by Apollinaire to the nostalgia and obsession with mortality of O. V. de L. Milosz; from the epic, nationalistic poetry of Victor Segalen and Aimé Césaire to the arcane and haunting linguistic experiments of Saint-John Perse and Henri Michaux; from the ingenuous sentimentalism of Reverdy, Desnos, and Bonnefoy to the compact Romanticism of Jules Supervielle; from the striking metaphors of Tristan Tzara to the "Communist" odes of Eluard and Aragon, this book takes us through World War I, the liberations

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THE RIGHT BOOKS

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

IN 1962 MILTON FRIEDMAN, in his book *Capitalism and Freedom*, made the case for the flat-rate income tax; for twenty years afterward not much was heard of the idea. Then, in December 1981, the *Wall Street Journal* published an article by two Stanford University professors, Robert E. Hall and Alvin Rabushka, proposing a flat-tax system, the forms for which would fit on a postal card. In their book *Low Tax, Simple Tax, Flat Tax* (McGraw-Hill, $9.95, paper), the pair recount the surprise with which they followed the interest generated by the piece; a spate of phone calls and letters to the paper; editorial endorsements by the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and the *Christian Science Monitor*; articles in other dailies and financial papers; pieces by syndicated columnists; the introduction of nearly a dozen flat-tax bills by members of Congress; and finally, last July, a statement by David Stockman that President Reagan might propose flat-tax legislation in his 1984 budget message.

Hall and Rabushka's plan, simply of tax avoidance, the economy will grow more rapidly to a new higher level of income and well-being. By 1990, every income group will be unambiguously better off from the economic benefits of tax reform.

Hall and Rabushka have based their plan solidly on the theory of supply-side economics (which, they argue, has yet to be tried by the Reagan Administration) as the remedy for the "terrible" state of the U.S. economy, for which the federal tax system deserves "an important part of the blame." The present income tax is costly in other ways as well (the enormously complicated processing of returns, and the expense of pursuing tax evaders; revenue lost to the so-called "underground economy"; more revenue lost to the sheer confusion of taxpayers who, lacking a college-level ability to read, are unable even to comprehend which instructions apply to them).

Nevertheless, the authors warn, their claims for the economic impact of their scheme are less grandiose than those of the Kemp-Roth plan. "We foresee a gradual improvement of the economy for a whole decade after enactment of tax reform, culminating to [*sic*] an increase in real incomes of perhaps 9 per cent."

NOTING THAT the federal tax code has been revised nine times since 1954, Hall and Rabushka argue that the desire for tax reform is endemic among all classes, interests, and parties. Everyone, they claim, from Friedmanite to Keynesian to country-club Republican to radical leftist, will find something in it for him —which in the long run perhaps is the second-best reason for wondering whether the plan can ever be agreed upon. Here is the first best: "Until a response to improved incentives takes place, it is an obvious mathematical law that lower taxes on the successful will have to be made up by higher taxes on average people. . . . Tax reform is not immediately a good thing for the majority." □

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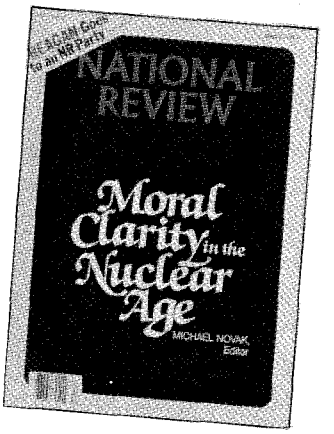

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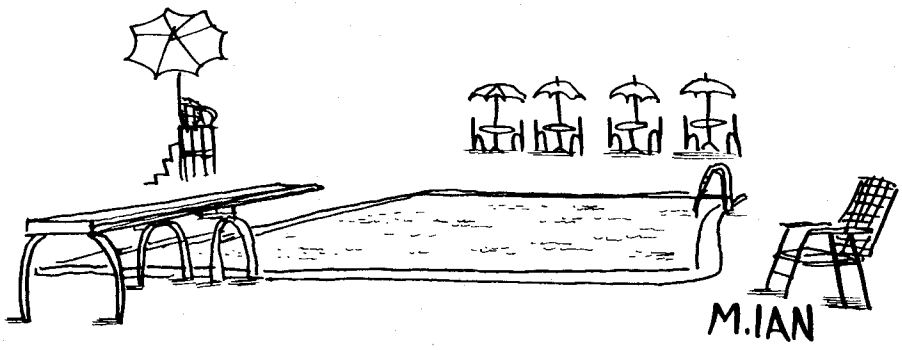

and aberrations of the Surrealists, World War II, and finally to the present time. But the present cannot beat the extraordinary lucidity of Ponge and Guillevic, or the more persuasive results of Frénaud, Jean-Paul de Dadelsen, and René Char:

Brief harp of the larches
On mossy spur of stone crop
—Façade of the forest,
Against which mists are shattered—
Counterpoints of the void in which
I believe.
—"To friend-tree of counted days,"
R. Char

The present is dull: faced with the cryptic threnodies of Dupin, Marteau, and Deguy, or the deconstructionist acrobatics of Anne-Marie Albiach and Daive, the reader feels cheated, or bored. NEREO E. CONDINI

REQUIEM FOR A SPY, *by Alberto Giovanetti (Doubleday, 288 pp., $14.95).* Monsignor Giovanetti was called the Permanent Observer for the Vatican at the United Nations, but in fact after nine years (1964 to 1973) he gave it up and retired altogether from the papal diplomatic service. This readable novel (translated from the Italian) certainly conveys the flavor of his experience. It might well be the writing of a younger, cleverer Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli (John XXIII), the voice and viewpoint—unpretentious, disarming, simply human, very shrewd—strikingly like those of the aging Roncalli, with whom the youthful Giovanetti once played cards for days on end in the nunciature in Paris. Ostensibly this is a novel about the conversion to Catholicism of a Communist impostor who poses as a priest, and who happens to have the job that till 1973 was Giovanetti's. In fact it seems to deal with the problems (weariness, a sense of futility) of a clear-sighted, honest man living in a world of impostures and intrigues, endless lies, some transparent and some successful; of men trusted by no one, better known to other double agents than to themselves, buried in paperwork that is interminable and largely pointless. In spite of this, no doubt a sign that the book was written by a priest, the characters are generally nicer than in most novels. A few of them are wooden and unconvincing, and we hear too much about them. But there are two vivid characters whom the author knew well, observed long and closely, and successfully brings to life: Pope Paul VI and the city of New York. The Pope appears briefly, but the diverse, much-loved, overwhelming city is displayed under one aspect or another through most of these pages—somewhat as it is in another book about a discouraged, sharp-eyed innocent, *The Catcher in the Rye.* FARLEY CLINTON

THROUGH JOY AND BEYOND: *A Biography of C. S. Lewis, by Walter Hooper (Macmillan, 160 pp., $15.75).* J. R. R. Tolkien once said of C. S. Lewis, "No Oxford don was forgiven for writing books outside his field of study. It was considered unforgivable that Lewis wrote international best-sellers, and worse still that many were of a religious nature." Lewis, a professor of English, was writing about religion when he was supposed to be writing about fiction. Perhaps it would have been acceptable if Lewis had written about religion as if it were fiction, which is the way a number of modern academics approach the subject. But, horror of horrors, not only was Lewis prolifically publishing books on Christianity, he was actually in favor of the darn thing, in a period when religious feeling was considered, you know, impolite. Father Walter Hooper documents in this biography (written in conjunction with the documentary film of the same title, which Hooper, once secretary to Lewis, put together and narrated) Lewis's encounters with the secular world, through his writings and radio talks. Hooper records Lewis's rapid ascent at Oxford, his sudden and abiding fame, and the lively wit that enabled him to endure the academic life. Once Hooper pointed out to Lewis an epitaph that read, "Here lies an atheist, all dressed up but nowhere to go." To which Lewis remarked, "I bet he wishes that were so." DINESH D'SOUZA

BROOKHISER

(Continued from page 937)

active nationalists. The effect of the crimes on the morale of the Croatian community was devastating. "People didn't have any trust in their own police," remembers Joe Vrbich, a journalist in the Bay Area; they were "scared to go to picnics." The general public, on the other hand, to the extent it noticed the bloodshed at all, cannot help thinking of Croatians as murderous lunatics.

Croatians, who blame everything worse than bad weather on Udba, see Yugoslavian infiltration. Though there is no evidence, a few of the FBI agents who have worked hardest on the case feel they might be right. "If you're looking for an agent provocateur," one said to me, "Primorac fits the mold." (The defendants and their supporters, meanwhile, blame the prosecution on Udba. One rumor holds that the trial verdicts were arranged on Haig's September 1981 visit to Belgrade.)

Meanwhile, the one million Croatian-Americans who know nothing of the other uses of pipes and books continue with their lives. Many of them came to this country because it was unlike Croatia—unlike Europe, the stockyard, where every grain of dirt has been soaked in the blood of some slaughter. Yet, because they were born there, they still think fondly of it. Some would like to return; some, more thoroughly transplanted, wish it well from afar. And the violent and the duped, temporarily baffled, await their chances to prey upon all of them.

"Give them a year or so," an FBI agent told me. "They will be back." □

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Meanwhile, the battle against a common enemy has given the capital's environmental community new unity. Quarrels over which group gets its name first on a lawsuit have subsided. Inter-group coalitions have been formed on the Clean Air Act, pesticide legislation, and energy conservation. Whether the Gang will stick together after the Reagan Administration has left town is an open question. Income to the Wilderness Society and other groups will drop, Turnage predicts, but the environmental institutions will benefit by no longer having to dedicate most of their cash to expensive anti-Administration tactics. "The post-Watt period could turn out to be the very best period we ever had. This concern could give us a new impetus."

The 1980s have brought a fundamental change in the mission of the environmentalists. The huge initiatives of the 1970s—air and water pollution control, wilderness protection laws, toxic waste dumping restrictions, and the massive Alaska National Interest Lands Act—have succeeded and have brought in their wake a series of complex questions about how to carry out those grand ideals of environmental protection without derailing the economy.

The environmental institutions' challenging of the Reagan Administration has brought about greater public awareness of the importance of environmental protection—and its costs—than at any other time in this country's history, but it has also politicized environmental protection to the point that few Americans know what effects, if any, Reagan's two years in office have had on the quality of the environment.

In fighting Reagan the environmentalists gained full membership in the vast corps of professional Washington power brokers. They also lost a fundamental innocence: They may be tougher, wiser, and richer, but they will never again be able to say that they have only the best interests of Mother Nature at heart, or, as Gaylord Nelson put it, that they do "the Lord's work." The exercise of power in Washington accomplishes many things, but rarely do those accomplishments include the work of the Lord. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On Aborting the Constitution

On The Right

New York, July 8—The vote in June by the Senate on the abortion question is primarily interesting in revealing as it does the tendency to adopt the Constitution of the United States as one's personal instrument. If you believe in A, then it has become popular to say that A is protected by the Constitution. Needless to say the argument is advanced if it happens that the Supreme Court says the same thing.

The sponsors of the Hatch Amendment asked the Senate to vote on the following ten words: "A right to abortion is not secured by this Constitution." Now fifty members of the Senate voted against that declaration (which is what it was, primarily). This raises the interesting question: What is it that we have known about the intentions of the Framers of the Constitution since 1973 that we did not know before that? Daniel Patrick Moynihan is a scholar of considerable note. I would cherish giving him an examination question: "Name five constitutional scholars who, before 1973, believed that the right to abortion is secured by the Constitution." I am a generous schoolmaster, and would therefore give Professor Moynihan five weeks in which to answer that question. And I would permit him to seek the aid of fellow senators with advanced academic training who voted the idiocy of June 28—including former Rhodes Scholars Bill Bradley and Paul Sarbanes, and Master's-degree holders Claiborne Pell, Nancy Kassebaum, and John Tower.

NOTICE THAT Senator Hatch was not, in his proposed amendment, declaring that abortions were unconstitutional. He was merely asserting that which was overwhelmingly believed by the legal fraternity up until that day in 1973 when the majority of the Supreme Court did what it has got used to doing during the past generation or so. We might call this process "the constitutional objectification of the Supreme Court's desires and velleities." It works as follows: We, the Supreme Court, believe in one-man/one-vote, therefore the Constitution does. We, the Supreme Court, believe that prayer ought not to be conducted in the public schools, therefore the Constitution does. For men who are sworn to uphold the Constitution, to vote without any reference to their own evaluation of the historical meaning of the Constitution is nothing less than an abandonment of duty.

This phenomenon—the Constitution is whatever the Supreme Court says it is—transcends the question whether you favor, or do not, the right of the mother to take the life of the child. I do not tire of recalling that in 1972, presidential candidate George McGovern was asked whether he believed in school busing to effect integration. That was at the height of opposition to busing. His answer: "I'll have to wait until the Supreme Court rules on that to decide." But you see, the questioner was not asking for the views on busing of the Supreme Court. He wanted the views on busing of presidential candidate George McGovern. The appropriate response would have been: "The Supreme Court has the responsibility of ruling whether busing is constitutional. I myself am (for) (against) busing."

Why did the (bare) majority of the Senate vote as they did? Because they are so struck by the logic of *Roe* v. *Wade*, the decision in which the Court affirmed the right to abort? If so, they are a lonely minority in the world of legal scholarship. There are many constitutional lawyers in the United States who are in favor of abortion but who disdain the reasoning in *Roe* v. *Wade*. And even that decision rests on acknowledged ambiguities and contradictions. Because the Supreme Court said at the time that inasmuch as there is a difference of opinion as to when exactly life begins, then the Court will be guided by the assumption that it begins only at childbirth, and that therefore only from that point on is an infant entitled to the protections of the Constitution. The Court, it has widely been argued, in effect gave to Congress the right factually to assert when it is that a biological organism is deemed to be a "person." Karen Anne Quinlan, comatose, was a "person" under the Constitution. It is hardly grotesque, under the circumstances, to decree that a healthy eight-month fetus is a "person."

But that is arguing substance, whereas the lesson today is confined to the anti-intellectual opportunism of those who voted no to a simple historical-analytical declaration. One of these days the Food and Drug Administration is going to outlaw one of my favorite foods. At that point I shall ask Senator Moynihan to introduce a bill: "Resolved, the right to eat peanut butter is secured by this Constitution." □

WHAT WAS THE POPE UP TO?

New York, July 11—Do you remember the name of Alexander Dubcek? He was the impresario of the Prague Spring, which is what happened, briefly, in 1968, in Czechoslovakia. Oh how wonderful it looked there for a while, as the parliament passed progressively liberal laws and people were saying out loud that, finally, Communism had hit maturity, and the long-sought-for humanitarian evolution was under way.

At which point Brezhnev cleared his throat.

The next thing we knew, the winds of Gulag swept over Czechoslovakia. There were the usual declamatory protests in the West, which died out in a month or two. Dubcek was sent to some remote outpost, there to spin wheels and draw water, and if he is even alive today, we are not aware of it.

The point of this little historical recapitulation is to bring context to the raging question: What is it that happened between the Pope, Jaruzelski, and Walesa?

Any discussion of this question needs to take into account the historical context, in which there are two principal points of relevance.

The first of these is that the Soviet Union can, really, do what it likes in Poland, and to Poland. The intense Catholicism of Poland presents special problems,

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it is true, problems that were not faced when the Kremlin moved in on Mr. Dubcek's Prague Spring. All this means is that the Soviet Union would need to push a little harder in Poland than it did in Czechoslovakia—to accomplish the same thing. (See also "From the Continent," p. 942.)

The Soviet mode now is a little different from what it was back during the days of Stalin, and under his shadow. The Soviet Union settled the problem of Imre Nagy, who was the Hungarian precursor of Czechoslovakia's Dubcek and Poland's Walesa, by the simple expedient of executing him. Mr. Andropov has found mental asylums and clinics more appealing ways of accomplishing pretty much the same thing. Soviet authorities presumably counseled against sending Walesa to be lobotomized at a psychiatric institute, preferring instead to experiment with house arrest. But the point of the matter is that Walesa was under the direct control of the Soviet government, using the Polish government as the agent of its will. So that one knew from the beginning that Walesa and his Solidarity movement were not going to prevail.

The second point to bear in mind is that the West over and over and over again confirms, by its inattention, Soviet power, most especially in the Soviet zone of interest. Our so-called protests against the situation in Poland were exiguous, and before very long, industrial Europe, after martial law was imposed, found itself fighting mostly the United States, not the Soviet Union, because its concern was more for Soviet gas than for Polish freedom. Mr. Reagan uttered a few brave words, lit some feeble candles, fought gamely, if briefly, on the gas-pipeline business, capitulated; and Walesa experienced the isolation most anti-Communists experience up against the inevitable lesion of Western concern. Ask Shcharansky, if you can remember who he is. Or Orlov. Or, for that matter, Sakharov.

So the Pope goes to Poland, and these are the givens in the situation. It is not up to popes to ignite civil wars. Their job is to take the given situation and to try to make it better. Our news media have generated the highest sanctimony in years, wondering whether the Pope has lost his pastoral prestige by speaking at such length with Jaruzelski. These are the same folk who criticize Reagan for not speaking at sufficient length with Andropov.

We do not know what, exactly, the Pope said to Jaruzelski. Moreover, the Pope is not in the business of arranging export-import deals, or tariff arrangements, or minimum wages. His concern for spiritual freedom necessarily causes him to reflect on conditions that tend to surround spiritual freedom, and these are: general freedoms. Ordinary dictatorships can allow spiritual freedom, not so totalitarian societies, because the total appetite to rule requires the domination of the mind. So that if the Pope advances, and secures, spiritual freedom, he will have helped to foster that which, in the end, Communism has most to fear. The question then is whether the Pope struck a tactical advantage measured by his terms, not by secular terms.

We must remind ourselves that whatever he said, it is likely that the Pope was less concerned about profits from gas, about fetishistic disarmament, about maintaining the status quo, than most of his critics. Whatever the Pope did, it will be prudent to judge its effect five years from now rather than five weeks from now. □

ON FIRING GEORGE WILL

New York, July 18—The extraordinary action of the *New York Daily News* in firing George Will causes one, in the fleeted phrase of the Negro spiritual, to wonder, wonder: What on earth got into them?

Consider the phrasing of the dismissal exactly. "In the meantime, we've discovered a violation of journalistic ethics, by columnist George Will—who helped Reagan's staff prep him for the debate with Carter and then appeared on ABC television to comment on the debate and say what a fine job Reagan had done without mentioning his own role."

Just who decreed the above to be a "violation" of journalistic ethics? If we acknowledge that political partisanship by a politically partisan columnist is not unethical, then we begin by having no objection to a columnist coaching a candidate. The violation, we are to assume, came in subsequently praising the candidate's performance. But surely, a violation would have consisted in praising a performance you actually believed to be lousy, but forced yourself to say was good because you liked the candidate. George Will didn't do that. And anyone who knows George Will—and he worked for me for two years—would know that he is a man of ferocious integrity who could not be brought around to saying the grass was green, if he was convinced it was otherwise.

So we are left with Will's not having told the television audience that he had helped to coach Reagan. There can be two views on whether that is proper. But, surely, none that suggests that silence under the circumstances is a morally disqualifying trait of character. And the reason for this is that a highly commendable trait in highly commendable people is self-effacement, one aspect of which is gently to derail a compliment. A columnist who publicly advertised that he had had a role in training a presidential candidate for a debate would, in this corner, be thought of less as someone constrained to level with his audience, than as someone straining to advertise his intimacy with a powerful man likely to become President of the United States.

The *New York Daily News* editorial continued: "Furthermore, Will knew that Reagan's people had used some material from the Carter campaign and never reported it." The writer speaks as if Will had not reported seeing Lee Harvey Oswald take aim at President Kennedy's motorcade. What we know of the pre-debate hurly-burly leaves us doubting if J. Edgar Hoover would have reported that some of the stuff lying around that groaning table of documents had come from the equivalent coaching room of Jimmy Carter. And if it was unethical for a journalist not to report the existence of the purloined documents, what about the ethics of the dozen or more men and women who knew about the material and are now in power—beginning with the chief of staff of the White House? It is almost uniquely journalists who plead special immunities to protect their sources. Why all of a sudden single out journalists, to the exclusion of all the others who thought as little of the misdeed as apparently everybody around did? Laurence Barrett of *Time* magazine mentioned the purloined documents in a story *Time* did not even bother to run, presumably thinking it that trivial. And when Barrett's book came out, the reviewer for *Time* did not even mention the incident—the point here being that it was simply not thought to be morally arresting, whatever we now, on deliberation, think about it.

And the final sentence from the *Daily News*: "Will's column has appeared occasionally in the *Daily News*. It won't any more." To begin with, that statement implies that any other editors in the United States, which is to say the overwhelming majority, who don't follow suit in firing George Will are morally retarded cases, measured up against the *News*. This is a touch of the Pharisee. And the notion that George Will is being severely punished is quite laughable. The punishment contemplated is punishment of the readers of the *New York Daily News*. And that is a strange way to express one's thirst for justice.

Surely a publisher should recognize that the fear of publishers is uniquely the greatest potential threat to uninhibited thought by columnists. Murray Kempton, whom history will acknowledge as the Samuel Johnson of twentieth-century columnists, wrote years ago, "Columnists have attacked Albert Schweitzer, the Pope in Rome, Mrs. Roosevelt, and even J. Edgar Hoover, but I can think of only one who ever attacked his publisher. That, of course, was Westbrook Pegler, who disappeared." □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Birds that play pranks — 83 170 73 26 193

B. One of the amendments to the U.S. Constitution — 94 27 89 44 107 115 118 188 74 215

C. A part of speech + Alfonso XIII's queen = a flower — 227 172 211 1 204 49 165

D. Beseeched — 10 88 144 224 51 180 155 209 63

E. "Till all success be ___" — "America the Beautiful" — 77 182 82 2 153 240 228 195 41

F. What a hard-hit pitcher is supposed to take (2 words) — 52 114 106 100 194 202 230 187 207 12

G. A member of the Big Ten football conference (2 words) — 90 125 37 205 5 162 213 166 185

H. The man next door (or a person 10,000 miles away) — 105 126 226 23 145 95 220 168

I. A tea-like South American beverage (2 words) — 231 3 9 46 62 67 72 78 84

J. A foreigner — 132 14 163 190 146 217 7 169 96

K. Incited — 201 128 29 138 102

L. A girl making her first formal appearance in society — 236 129 108 35 171 237 221 174 212

M. Risqué (hyph.) — 239 135 54 167 24 16 30 149

N. This body of water was formerly called the German Ocean (2 words) — 28 218 56 131 159 229 150 235

O. A vehicle that displaced the horse on many a farm — 11 18 98 127 32 45 47

P. Gamblers who make additional and opposite bets to reduce losses — 75 39 19 50 110 117 173

Q. A town in Randolph County, N.C. — 140 133 184 164 25 151 109 42

R. Vitality — 38 48 222 20 233

S. Worn out — 70 31 64 191 136 198

T. "The spirit is willing, but ___ is weak." —Matt. 26:41 (Jerusalem Bible) (2 words) — 113 137 241 206 219 234 85 175

U. A tragedy by Euripides — 134 65 139 86 152 157 112

V. Where Richard Henry Dana spent two years (3 words) — 210 6 91 13 60 71 68 93 97 186 8 192 196

W. Outlined clearly or sharply — 216 142 203 79 176 120

X. An inadvertently paradoxical statement (2 words) — 80 178 87 199 143 116 21 225 238

Y. Yiddish for a pipsqueak — 183 179 121 232 103 81 197

Z. The seat of Du Page County, Ill. — 158 208 223 161 124 200 36

a. What the Ku Klux Klan of the Twenties was — 33 55 66 99 101 104

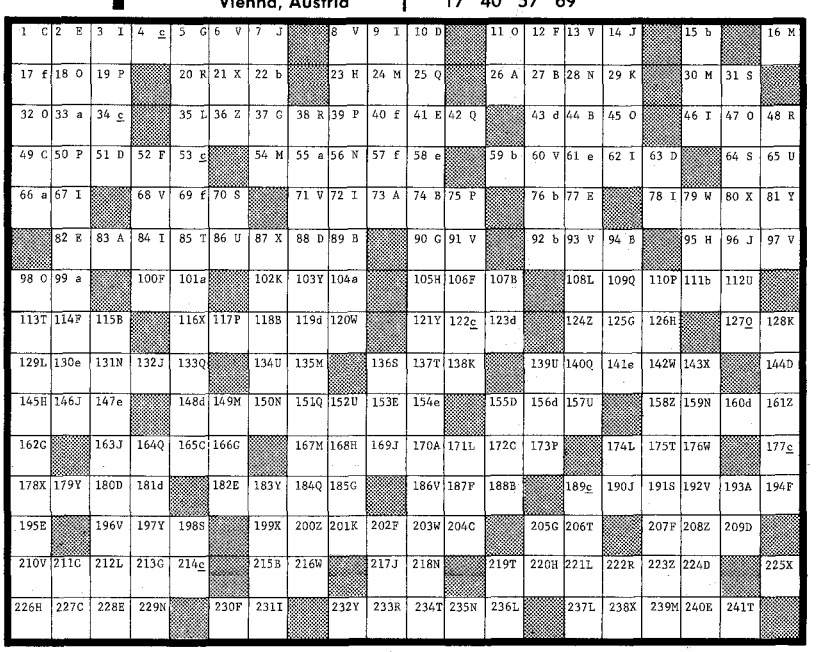
b. Trips made by Halley's Comet and some of the astronauts — 15 22 59 76 92 111

c. What the barefoot boy did with his big toe — 4 53 122 177 189 34 214

d. Kept guard — 43 119 123 148 156 160 181

e. A suit of playing cards or a card game — 58 61 130 141 147 154

f. A town east of Vienna, Austria — 17 40 57 69



DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 958 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

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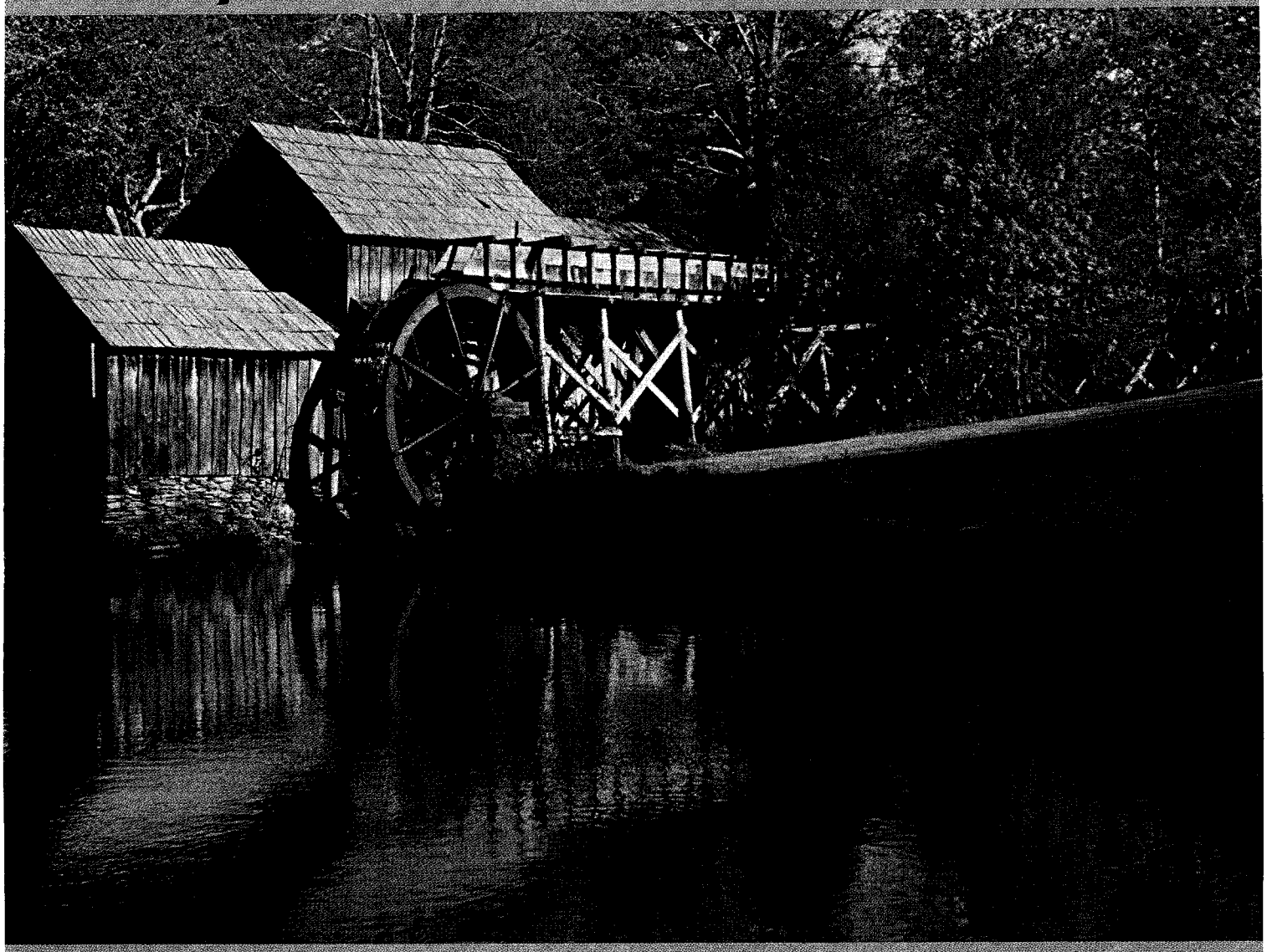

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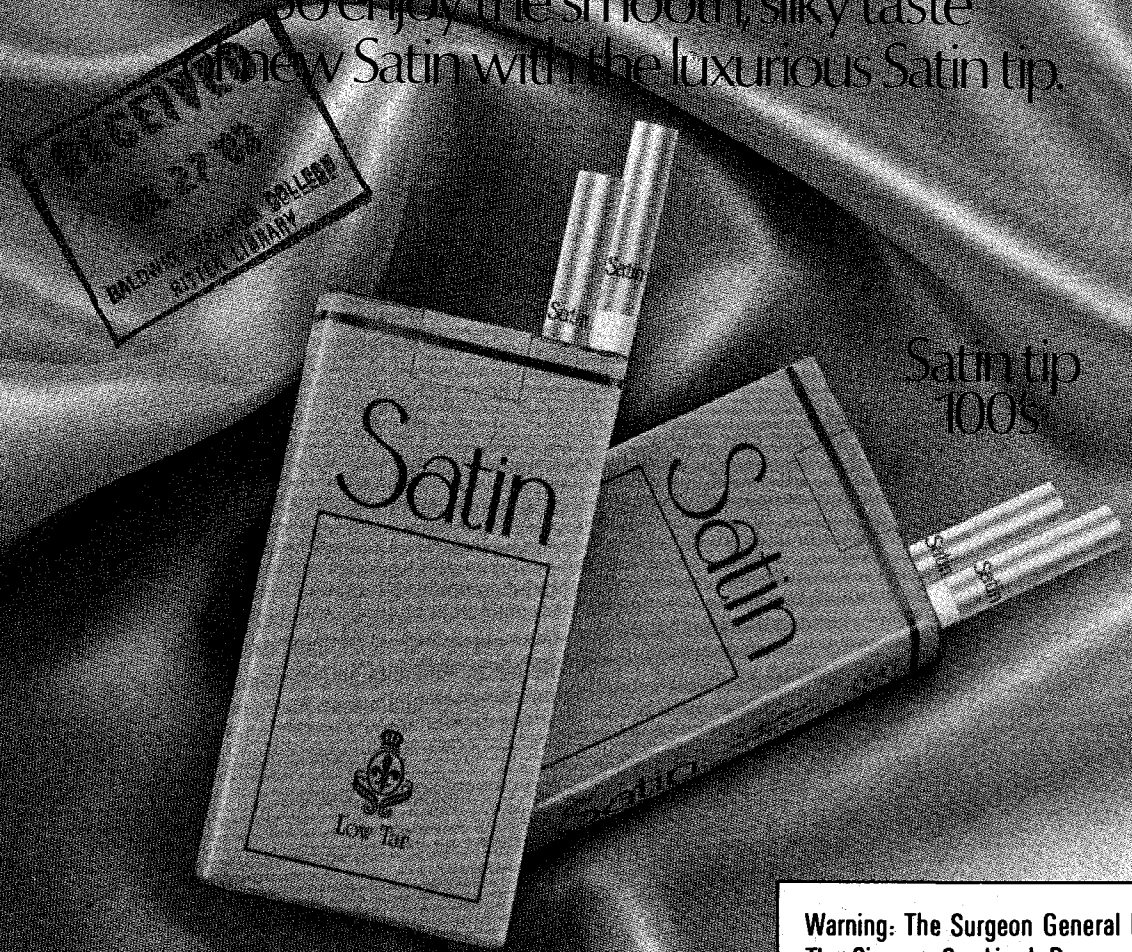

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